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TO AMERICA AND BACK
A HOLIDAY RUN

M. JACKSON.



A. Vernon Vines Esq.

With the Author's kind regards

May 28th

1889

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AMERICA

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UNITED
STATES

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Quebec.

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Baltimore

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VIRGINIA

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TO

MERICA AND BACK:

A Holiday Run.

BY

M. JACKSON,

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL METEOROLOGICAL SOCIETY;

PRINCIPAL OF THE VALE ACADEMY, RAMSGATE.

LONDON:

McCORQUODALE & CO., LIMITED,
CARDINGTON STREET, N.W.

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.,
STATIONEERS' HALL COURT, E.C.

1886.

LONDON:
McCORQUODALE & CO., LIMITED,
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at Cannon Street and the departure of an express from Euston. For the service of the whole train there appeared to be only two porters—all others may have been disabled by the heat—and, with a heroism truly admirable under the circumstances, these two chose to attend first to those who had much luggage rather than to me with my solitary package. So, five precious minutes of the twenty were lost before I could start in my hansom, and all hope of catching the 5 p.m. express had to be abandoned. There was no train before 6.30, so I had to start for Liverpool at that late hour. The passengers in my compartment were a priest, a soldier, a loquacious Irishman, a newspaper-reading Englishman, a *comédienne* and two girls along with her—to all three the Irishman made himself agreeable, and kept up a running fire and exchange of jokes and glances. The train being for Holyhead, I had to leave it at Crewe and wait for one to Liverpool. While doing so, I was struck by the unusually numerous and heavy trains for the North. The cholera in the south of France was turning the travelling public—English, American, and Australian—from the Straits of Dover to the banks of the Tweed, Clyde, and Forth. Towards midnight we started again for Liverpool—the carriage full of silent

men, the hour not favourable to talk. Some of them were on their way to America, like myself, as I discovered next day on board. On arriving at Lime Street, towards the wee short hour, I was informed by the night policeman that the Station Hotel was "full up;" no hope of lodging there, and little anywhere else, as it was Friday night, when so many were in Liverpool ready to start next day for America and elsewhere. Besides, the assizes were being held, which had also brought many people into the town. Getting into a cab, I told the driver to take me to some hotel. He took me to the Alexandra, in Dale Street. There the night porter, the only mortal stirring, said he had just one bedroom left. That, said I, was enough for me. The hall was everywhere encumbered with luggage ready addressed and labelled, and the walls adorned with pictures of the favourite ocean steamers, steam up and in sailing trim.

As the heat at Liverpool was as great as at London, among the purchases I made next morning was a very light coat to wear on board, though I soon found that that was unnecessary there. Our ship, going at seventeen knots an hour—or nearly twenty English miles—gave the feeling of a considerable wind even in a perfect calm, and with a moderate wind ahead, a

veritable gale ; so that great-coats came to be more in vogue to keep out the cold and rain.

The "Arizona" was to start at noon. I took care to be at the Princes' landing-stage among the first. Cab after cab drove up with loads of luggage outside. It was easy to see, without looking at the lettering and ~~ou~~landish names, that the owners of this luggage were chiefly Americans. The huge ironbound Saratoga trunks, like dog-kennels, told sufficiently well the nationality, without the speech and beards. The hurrying on board increases as the hour of embarkation approaches. The luggage is being heaped on the fore-part of the tender, also a great number of folding sea-chairs, that the more provident have secured with a view to comfort. A warning is given to steerage passengers not to venture on board this tender. Newspaper sellers are endeavouring to vend their papers at double price. Punctually at the minute we go off to the "Arizona," standing in mid-stream, sending forth clouds of black smoke from her two funnels, and brooks of yellow-white water from her broadside. In a few minutes we are alongside, the gangway is thrown across, and the passengers are soon on board the floating palace. The luggage and chairs take more time. Some hundreds of steerage pas-

sengers are already on board, and a good many first-class, all eagerly watching the embarkation. Immediately on entering I was saluted by an old member of the British Association by the words, “Holloa! my friend, I know where you are going.” He had got on board before, and was greatly vexed because he had not been able to go with the “Oregon”—the vessel that had, up to that time, made the quickest passage on record. He had taken the precaution to bespeak a berth on her in March, but since then she had left the Guion line, to which her performance had given celebrity, and become the property of the Cunard Company. So my friend had now to go by the ship that had only at one time been the quickest on the Atlantic, but was so no longer. I endeavoured to console him with the thought that the few hours or minutes by which the “Oregon” might beat the “Arizona” would not make much difference in the end, but I am afraid my words had not much effect on his uneasy mind. There is something very fascinating in races, and at present a great emulation among the various shipping companies on the Atlantic as to who shall make the quickest passage. There seems to be now a perfect rage for speed. When the Atlantic was first crossed by a steamer in three weeks or a month,

it was considered a marvel in marine locomotion. But that time was gradually reduced to nine or ten days. The "Arizona" first further reduced it to seven days and a few hours and minutes. The "Oregon" reduced it still more, and her performance in turn has been outdone by the "America," which is said to have accomplished the distance between Sandy Hook and Queenstown in six days and twenty hours. But her pre-eminence, it appears, is to be short-lived, for the "Umbria," that has been lately launched, is confidently expected to accomplish the voyage in less than six days. But engineers affirm that a ship can be built that will do it in five, and perhaps even that may not be the ultimatum. Speed is only a question of engine-power, but cost is the limiting factor. I remember, when passing from Holyhead to Dublin many years ago, the captain of the packet that ran at fourteen knots an hour telling me that any higher speed would be dangerous at sea, and that the fear of collisions would ever prevent vessels running at a speed comparable to that of railways. This may be true in a narrow crowded channel, such as he was navigating, but on the desert ocean, in clear weather, there would be no such danger, as, on certain tracks, a vessel is not seen for days. It is expense that will put the limit

to speed. The "Oregon," during her swift passage, was said to consume 300 tons of coal per day.

As soon as passengers get on board they make a descent to find their berths, or state rooms, as they are called, in which they deposit their light luggage, and the stewards by-and-by the heavier, labelled "wanted." The larger luggage, "not wanted," is speedily lowered into the hold. Punctually at the time advertised the screw is set in motion, a slight tremor is felt, the water begins to run past, and we are off down the Mersey. The tender takes the opposite direction, with many friends who had come to see the last of friends. There ensues a mutual waving of handkerchiefs, tears are seen in many eyes and looks of sadness on many faces, that continue after the retreating tokens of affection have become invisible. Of some it might be said, "Such partings break the heart they fondly hope to heal." But soon a bell, with a peremptory sound, rings for lunch. A new turn is given to the feelings, sad musings are interrupted, pocket handkerchiefs—now useless as flags—dry the cheeks, and a descent is made into the saloon. Four tables run parallel the whole length of the saloon, comfortable chairs, on both sides, fastened to the floor but turning half round to receive and let go their occupants. An excellent lunch

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CHAPTER III.

CROSSING THE ATLANTIC.

AFTER leaving Queenstown, the course was continued along the Irish coast towards the Atlantic, the weather still fine, health and spirits excellent. As things had not yet got into proper order there was no religious service in the saloon. The ship had now received its full complement of passengers; it contained a population equal to that of a good-sized village. The following is an official list of the crew:—Seamen, 42; engineers and firemen, 66; employés in food and passenger department, 73; making a total of 181. There were 156 first-cabin passengers, a good many second-class, and several hundreds of steerage passengers. The whole number of souls on board, as I was told, approached 800. Under the combined influence of fine weather and a good breakfast the passengers began to talk with each other and form acquaintances. It is strange to see how soon groups and côteries are formed at sea as on land. They keep distinct from each other. Friendships are thus formed which often long outlast

the occasion. Fastnet Light,* standing on the sea-beaten rock as the ultimate sentinel of the British Isles, is passed, the land has disappeared, and we now face the lonely ocean. Thoughts are now directed to the land on the other side, which it is said we shall reach next Sunday morning. At 12 o'clock noon, the ship's clock is set to correspond with the longitude, and watches now appear too fast. As our course is away from the sun about ten degrees a day, from noon till noon next day is found not 24 hours but over $24\frac{1}{2}$. If people leave their watches alone, as I did mine they will find on reaching New York that they are five hours too fast. On going west, the solar day being $24\frac{1}{2}$ hours, the average distance accomplished between noon and noon, as may be seen from the chart, was

* "With this rock communication, by means of a submarine electric telegraph cable, will be almost immediately established, weather permitting. Even as far back as 1854, when this sea-mark was lighted as a substitute for Cape Clear—which was four miles further to the east and north and more liable to be obscured by fog—the want of effective means of signalling to Crookhaven, the relieving station on the shore, was occasionally felt for ordinary purposes in connection with the service, as owing to the distance, about eight miles, signal flags and lights could only be seen in very clear weather. Lloyd's recently, looking to the advantages of the site as a means of obtaining intelligence of the movements of shipping, established, by permission, an ordinary signal station at the rock in connection with the adjacent promontory of Browhead."—*Times*, January 8th, 1885.

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for a nominal sum. He told me about the troops of wild horses that frequent these desert lands, their habits, battles, and capture ; also of the cattle ranches. The cattle are allowed to wander at will and to pick up such a living as they can, summer and winter, getting nothing but what they themselves can gather. Great mortality sometimes overtakes them, and especially the calves in the cold of spring. But yet the cattle trade there is a very profitable one. The present price of a bullock, three years old, at Chicago or St. Louis, is about £6. His keep and tending have not cost above a dollar a year. The finest of the beef is sent for consumption in the various cities, or exported ; the inferior sorts are tinned. The land in general is naturally so rugged that it will never be of any use but for cattle runs. Human life in these parts is also of a very rough description, not without attraction to a certain class of reckless, daring, spirits. When riding on these desolate prairies this gentleman came to a châlet or herdsman's lodge. As a matter of course, this is entered and claimed as a lodging-place for wanderers. He was the first to arrive and take up his quarters for the night. By-and-by, one after another came in until there were eight guests in all. On sitting down to supper each of the other seven first of all put his hand

into his pocket, brought out his revolver and placed it on the table before him, as knives and forks generally lie. Astonishment was felt, not at this array of firearms, but at my friend travelling in such parts without any. Still more were they astonished by his remark that he felt himself safer without a revolver than with it. "Harm watch, harm catch," was not in their list of proverbs. Under the guidance of this gentleman were two young fellows, of about twenty, going to push their fortunes at the cattle ranches. Fortunes were made there more rapidly at one time than now, as competition is sure to dog the footsteps of success. But the butchers of Chicago are still realizing rapid and great fortunes.

There was another passenger, very unlike the preceding. He was a big-bodied, tall man, with a high-pitched voice, of which he made a pitiless use. He wore a fur skull-cap, and a long-tailed coat that reached his knees. According to his story he was a German doctor, long settled in the United States, which he preferred to any place in this world or the next. He was returning from a voyage round the world, which voyage he had made several times before. Early in the voyage he had attracted my attention by standing on the lower deck, alternately vociferating to a youth-

ful fellow-passenger and eating, with great movement of mouth, a bunch of raisins that he held in one hand while gesticulating vigorously with the other. In his many voyages he had seen strange things. On one occasion he counted 300 sharks around the ship. He showed me a "Californian slug," a heavy, angular coin of virgin gold, worth fifty dollars. He had had eighty of them when he set out on his voyage. "There is also," said he, "in California a 'double slug,' worth a hundred dollars." California was a wonderful place. At 'Frisco was the largest hotel in the world and the best; had some thousands of bedrooms, and, on a great festive occasion, 8,000 people had dined in it on one day. "'Frisco," said I, "where is that?" "Why, don't you know where 'Frisco is? Perhaps you would know it by the name of San Francisco—San Fran-cis-co," lengthening out the word syllable by syllable. "Who would call it San Francisco? We in America have not time for that; we call it 'Frisco.'" He did not like hotel life in England; had paid £4 a-day for a bedroom and sitting room at the Grand Hotel, in Northumberland Avenue, London, and had not even gas in his bedroom; nothing but little insignificant bougies. Did not like English bread at all; no substance in it. The bread of the United States was the best bread alive. In the

Franco-Prussian War he had been one of the doctors sent to study gun-shot wounds, and render surgical aid. On one occasion he, with some others, had been in a place where cannon balls were flying thick. One carried off the head of a young man standing near him, as clean as if it had been cut with a knife. He told a companion to take immediately the place where the fallen man had stood, as balls never light twice exactly in the same spot. His companion did not take his advice, and a minute afterwards lost his head in the same way as the other. In his youth he had been surgeon on board a ship. With him on board were once three clergymen—very good men; prayed frequently with the passengers. A storm came on off the coast of Guinea, where they were driven aground and wrecked. As soon as the boats were lowered these clergymen were the first to jump in, but he seized a pistol and made them come out again, saying, "Women and children first, then the others; then you who are sure of heaven at any rate, if you are drowned, can come in if there *is room*." The Britishers had meddled with the United States in '93, when the Americans were babies; again in 1812, when they were but children, and had come badly off both times. If ever they meddled again, now that the Americans are men,

the Americans intended to send over a party of navvies, with shovels, to pitch the little isle of Britain into the sea.

There was another American doctor, very sensible and intelligent, who had often taken a trip to Europe. He took great pains in explaining to me New York and American matters. He spoke a terse, vigorous language, with a very Yankee accent, using sometimes words that have not yet found their way into English dictionaries, such as "dumping offal into the river"—the word "dump" I often heard afterwards in America, in the sense, as I suppose, of "pitch" or "chuck." "The Americans," said this gentlemen, "are very much given to mining speculations—issue tempting prospectuses—get people to part with their money—then suddenly the whole affair 'goes up the spout.'" So saying, he took leave of me with the words, "I guess, I shall now go down and find some breakfast." I don't know how this word "guess," that now plays such a prominent part in American everyday speech, came at first into use among our American kinsmen. It is singular what a hold it has got in the vernacular of Canada as well as of the United States. Sometimes it is replaced by "calculate" or "calc'late," which, I suppose, implies a deeper process of thought. Another very common ex-

pression is "O my!" apparently equal to our "O dear!" The employment of this latter expression instead of the other produced, on one occasion, an electrical effect upon a young lady. She thought the dear was applied to herself. Remarking on the frequent use of "guess," to some young Americans, I asked them if they had observed anything similar during their visit to England? Their answer was, "O my! yes, many!" such as "awful!" "jolly."

Most of the returning Americans had been "doing" Europe, and in many cases I found that meant travelling to several countries and bringing back their names, the names of hotels and their charges, and very little more. They had seen, as men do in a picture, only what they brought with them. I heard of one lady who came from New York to London with her husband, on urgent business; that business finished, he felt it necessary to return immediately to America, but his wife said she must first see Paris, if but for one day. She carried her point, went to Paris, returned next day content, because ever after she could say she had been to Paris. Another piece of useful information they generally also brought back with them was the greater cheapness with which they could travel and buy things in Europe than in America. Several told

me of their purchases in London and elsewhere. They had bought suits of clothes for six or seven pounds that would have cost in New York eight or nine. There was also a great difference in the price of shoes. They had invested freely in these indispensable articles, and I was amused to learn that many put on a new pair every morning that the soles might appear to have been worn, and that they might thus pass, at New York, duty free. And before we reached New York I was further amused to see certain gentlemen arrayed in three coats, one above the other, although the weather was exceedingly hot. Among the other advantages which protection is thought to afford the Americans there is this one for certain, that it sharpens people's wits to defeat in practice what they approve in theory.

One gentleman, from Kentucky, had left home three months before with a letter of credit for £1,000 sterling, which he was good enough to show me. Though he had travelled over England, Scotland, France, Switzerland, and Italy, he had got through only £250 of it, though, in addition to his travelling expenses, he had bought beautiful presents for his wife, and the best doll to be found in Paris for the baby of a friend, who had just speech enough to say, as he heard, that "he gone over the sea to bring her

big dolly." That he loved this baby is sure, for he carried in his pocket-book a photograph of her, which he showed to his choice friends, with the uniform remark that he had never seen such another baby. This gentleman was loud also in his praise of Kentucky rye whisky, and would send me as a favour—if I liked—a 15 or 20 gallon cask, inclosed in a larger empty one, to prevent the negroes broaching it on the way. The Kentucky negroes were sadly given to steal such liquor unless thus doubly protected.

There was another gentleman from Ohio, who had been travelling with his wife, son, and daughter, for four months, in different countries. He was originally from Ireland, which he had left thirty-six years ago, had been cheated out of the little money he had on reaching America, and had been obliged to travel to his destination on a stone-barge; had since become a prosperous man. On reaching Liverpool station, he found himself quite at a loss to know what was meant when some one asked if he and his luggage were "booked." While travelling through England he often heard people talking about the fine weather it was for the corn, and yet he never saw a single bit of corn growing. At last he discovered that English people called wheat "corn." The only thing called "corn" in

America is maize or Indian corn. The plough now most used in his State was one on which the ploughman sat.

I had a good deal of conversation with a man who had lived seventeen years in the Falkland Isles. He and his brother had held 150,000 acres of land there, stocked with sheep. They exported the wool and boiled down the carcasses in large cauldrons. From these they collected the fat and shipped it to America, to make butterine. The country was wild and desolate. Till recently there had been no medical man in the islands, and he himself had to do the best he could as a doctor to his wife and children. His wife and three children were on board and were on their way with him to California, where they meant to settle as in a more civilised land.

I talked also with a house decorator from Connecticut. He had been to England and France to gain fresh knowledge respecting his art. He did not think much of the modern decorative art of Paris, but he greatly admired the decorations of the English Houses of Parliament. To my question, if there was much attention given to house decoration in America, he said, in the houses now being built there was a great deal. He could always tell an Englishman by the way

he pronounced the name of his State--Con-neck-ticut, instead of Con-nett-icut, which was the proper pronunciation.

A ship presents a good example of a well-ordered Commonwealth, or rather of an absolute monarchy. The captain is the autocrat. From him there is a descending scale of power to the officers, quarter-masters, seamen, and apprentices. The discipline on board is perfect. The officers on the bridge give their orders to the quarter-masters, the quarter-masters to the crew. The quarter-masters also have the duty of steering, which is done by steam-power, so that a very slight touch at the wheel suffices to move the rudder. All the crew are forbidden to talk with the passengers; any conversation they hold with them is on the sly, and reprimanded if discovered. This stringent regulation is, I suppose, designed to prevent neglect of duty; though why the prohibition applied to men off duty I did not learn. With one man, whose business was to superintend the refrigerating apparatus and chamber at the bottom of the ship, I had some occasional talk, as his duty on the outward voyage was slight. In this chamber was brought dead meat on the homeward voyage. A very low temperature was there maintained; it sometimes was 80 degrees below zero. I wanted to

go down to see the apparatus, but that, too, was forbidden. Casting the log, to ascertain the rate at which the vessel was going, often took place, especially in cloudy weather; and the temperature, both of the air and water, was taken at intervals—very frequently when ice was suspected to be near. When we left England the morning (8.0 a.m.) temperature was 72 deg.; on the fourth day, when in about lat. 47 deg. N., long. 47 deg. W., the temperature at the same hour of the morning was, air 43 deg., water 42 deg. We were in the cold polar current, that in this part flows constantly towards the south, between the Gulf stream and the banks of Newfoundland. Great-coats and wraps were in requisition by such as ventured on deck. About 9.0 a.m., a large iceberg was discovered to the north-east, white and gleaming in the morning sun. As one part of it was much higher than the other, it looked like a distant marble church and tower. Glasses were directed to it, sketches made of it, wishes were uttered that we had gone nearer it, and thanks that we had not encountered it in a fog. The waves could be seen breaking over the lower part of it, as a shore. In a few hours we lost sight of this comfortless ocean wanderer and found ourselves on the banks, in a much higher temperature—air 66 deg.; water 62 deg. The water

on the banks is, unlike the ocean, of a light-greenish colour, and different opinions were given as to the cause. The prevailing one was the shallowness of the water, but whether it is the true one or not I leave to others to decide. The least depth of our course, as I understood, was about thirty fathoms. The desert ocean now gave place to signs of life. Ships were seen, in various directions, engaged in fishing on this great shoal, which is said to be five or six hundred miles broad. In the vicinity of the larger ships their little boats were out plying their craft.

We were now in the region of fogs, the most dangerous enemies of sailors. These fogs are worst in spring and autumn, but prevail more or less all the year round. They are caused by the meeting of currents of different temperatures—one, from Davis's Straits, sweeping the coast of Labrador, cold and icy; another, from the St. Lawrence; and a third, the great Gulf stream, from the south, with its flood of tepid water. When the fog became dense the fog-horn was blown, and sometimes this unmelodious, ear-splitting sound continued for hours together. These fogs are sometimes so bad that the vessel's speed has to be slackened, and sometimes a complete halt has to be made. The conversation turning on this subject

among a party on deck, a big, animal-looking man—who used a vulgar oath almost every time he spoke—said he had been the captain of a steamer, and declared, with his usual expletive, that he would never slacken speed or go out of his course for anybody. With such fellows in command of swift, powerful vessels, no wonder we hear of dreadful collisions.

The ship having got into smooth water and the passengers having recovered from sea-sickness, various amusements were devised; shuffle-board on deck—a game something like Scotch curling, only the smooth deck instead of ice, and small round pieces of wood, driven by a sort of cue, instead of the heavy smooth stones—and concerts in the saloon in the evening. A notice was posted up that ladies and gentlemen willing to assist at these entertainments were requested to give in their names to the purser. The concerts proved a success, the volunteers doing their best, though that in a concert-room ashore would not have been striking; but it is easy to satisfy people who are all willing to be satisfied. A collection was made at the end for the Liverpool and New York charities; and the performance concluded with “God save the Queen,” which all sung with spirit and vigour; as soon as this was finished someone shouted out “America,” and immediately this

piece was sung with vigour to the same tune as, I believe, it always is by the Americans.

We were now approaching the American coast, and it was here the enterprising pilot met us, though still many miles from New York. There seems to be a great rivalry among the pilots here. I was told a pilot has been met as much as 300 miles from the shore, the rule being for the ship to engage the first pilot seen. But captains have their favourites, and therefore sometimes they do *not* see the first pilot that meets them. I was told that the pilot's fee for such a vessel as ours was about eighty dollars, and the one who takes the ship in has the privilege of taking her out again on the return voyage. These pilots have very fast sailing boats; and we saw several cruising about in search of vessels.

As the voyage draws to an end, the spirits of all are raised, the visitors rejoicing in the thought of soon seeing a new world, and the others their home. The Americans have a wonderful idea of New York. They regard it with pride, if not reverence, as the Hauptstadt of the world. I listened to a party of travellers, returning from their European tour, and was amused by their remarks. A question was put with gravity, as if it had not been a foregone conclusion. "Which,

upon the whole, do you think is the finest city—London, Paris, or New York?" The gentleman addressed put on a serious judicial air becoming such an important question, and pausing, as if to weigh particulars, at length gave answer as follows: "Well"—a favourite introductory particle—"upon the *whole*, I think New York is the finest city." As the true poet is said to do, he here evidently expressed what everyone felt.

On the morning of the ninth day from Liverpool, we arrived at Sandy Hook, 7 days, 6 hours, and 14 minutes after leaving Queenstown—the quickest passage, by a few minutes, than the "Arizona" up to that time had made. Sandy Hook is a hook-shaped bay, formed by the projection of a long, low, sandy arm; shortly after reaching this place we had to stop for some hours, till the rising tide enabled us to cross the bar. During the halt, the land, both in the direction of Coney Island, with its gigantic hotel, and of the Jersey coast, was eagerly scanned by field-glasses and telescopes. On getting over the bar, we felt the heat oppressive, the cloudless sun darting upon us rays of fire. All on board were now on the *qui vive*; all around, bustle and stir. Pleasure-yachts were sailing about, and gigantic steamers, with their great crane-

like, oscillating beam rising high above deck, were carrying crowds of pleasure-seekers to spend the Sunday on Coney Island. These peculiarly American steamers, reminding me too much of coalpit engines, I could never think beautiful, but my American companions regarded them with evident delight. The raised beam produces a longer stroke and gives greater speed; this, to a go-ahead people, outweighs all considerations of appearance. In New York Bay we saw also several sharks, with their horrid fins sometimes sticking right out of the water. The bay at that time was said to be infested by man-eating sharks, and it was reported that a boy who was bathing would have been devoured by one had not a man, who knew its habits, jumped into the water and killed it with a knife, just as it was turning on its back to seize the terrified lad.

As we approached New York, the land, with its villas, trees, and verdure down to the water's edge, seemed very beautiful, and the eyes of the returning wanderers were radiant at the sight. The doctor came on board and conducted a very strict examination of the passengers, on account of the prevalence of cholera in the South of France. All the steerage passengers were marched in file, right round the ship, but, as there was not a single case of illness on board, all got off free.

The custom-house officers next came and subjected the passengers to an examination on board and their property to one on shore. Custom house examinations have ever been my aversion. On the Continent, I have often been annoyed by the trouble and delay experienced at the frontiers of different States. But such searches were customary from of old, and might be regarded as the relics of a barbarous age, when every stranger was guarded against as an enemy. But in a new country, like America, where old traditions were despised and discarded, no such practice might have been expected to prevail. But here in America it still prevails, and in some respects in an aggravated form. Before being allowed to land, the cabin passengers are called down into the saloon and arrange themselves in single file around two of the long tables. At one end of each sit two custom-house officers, and each passenger, as his turn comes, is presented with a printed paper to fill up and sign ; this paper, couched in the following terms, I had the curiosity to copy while moving round the whole length of the table, one chair at a time :—

“ DISTRICT AND PORT OF NEW YORK.

“I do solemnly swear that this entry contains, to the best of my knowledge and belief, a just and true account of the contents of the several packages mentioned in this entry, and that such packages contain no merchandise whatever other than wearing apparel, personal

baggage, or tools of trade, specified in such entry; that they are all the property of myself and members of my family, who have lately arrived in the vessel above named, and are not directly or indirectly imported for any other person, or intended for sale.

"Subscribed and sworn before me, this day of 188
"—— *Deputy Collector.*"

It seems to me at once ridiculous and abominable to administer to the stranger such an oath at all, and still more so, after he has solemnly subscribed and sworn, not to believe him, but to make a search, just as if no such oath had been taken. Since search was determined on, it might surely have been enough to make the search as thorough as possible, without requiring any declaration or oath. On the continent of Europe no such oath was ever required; the usual question there is simply, "Have you anything to declare?" Since a search immediately followed, the only apparent use of this interrogatory was to give people the chance of telling the truth or a lie.

While I was slowly approaching the swearing-place, I expressed my disgust at the system of protection altogether. It would be much better and wiser for the Americans to adopt the sound commercial principle of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest. For making such a remark I was sharply taken to task by two gentlemen next to me.

"Oh, you are an Englishman," said they; "we thought you were a German, but now we see you are an Englishman, and would like to force the produce of your pauper labour on us, and bring our workpeople to the same state of starvation as your own. Wages in your country are hardly sufficient to keep body and soul together." There was no time to reply to such assertions, nor would it have been of much use if there had, as the idea of the abject poverty of our working population appears to be among Americans a deep-rooted article of faith. On many subsequent occasions I heard the same line of argument used. "Protection is essential to the building up of a new country. We in America have got beyond Adam Smith; his doctrine of free-trade has been exploded long ago." Such was the self-complaisant reasoning of a New England politician with whom I happened one day to be travelling.

CHAPTER IV.

NEW YORK—BROOKLYN.

HAVING subscribed my paper and received my ticket I went ashore, and was struck by the unsubstantial, ricketty-looking docks of this finest city in the world. They presented a great contrast to the wonderful docks we had left at Liverpool. It being Sunday, there was a considerable crowd waiting to witness the arrival of the ship and to meet friends. Conspicuous among the people were tall policemen, with blue coats and white hats—a sensible coiffure in the heat. Our luggage is soon slid down very roughly. Luggage is everywhere so handled in America; it is thrown about as if it were stones or iron. At Liverpool, men are ordered not to throw luggage on board. No such order did I ever hear given in America. Character is shown in trifles. My solitary package is shot down in the midst of an avalanche of others. I snatched it aside, instead of letting it be wheeled away on the barrows, hoping thereby to get off sooner. The custom-house search begins; packages are being

undone in every direction ; hands are fumbling among wearing apparel and dirty linen. I asked an officer to examine my luggage and let me go. He couldn't. I must go to where his superiors are standing, and there hand in my permit. I did so. An officer is detached from a file, and sent with me to the search. I show him my modest baggage ; stooping down he undoes one strap, then, rising, points to the other and says, " You undo that one." As there was nothing among my effects to interfere with the building up of a new country, the search was soon made. I wished to be off as soon as possible, but that was not so easy a matter. There were no porters. Everywhere in America, at boats and railways, there is a want of porters compared with the system in England. A coachman, with a fishing-rod-like whip, said he had an omnibus for the Fifth Avenue Hotel, but, when he found I was alone, would not start. He had no connection with the hotel, I found, but only wanted a paying load. On the street there were plenty of carriages, but I had been warned against their extortionate charges of a dollar a mile for each passenger, and luggage extra. My British Association friend, more enterprising, went out and hired a "hackman," taking care to make a bargain beforehand.

That bargain was to take himself and luggage to the Windsor Hotel, not three miles off, for four dollars, or sixteen shillings—no great bargain after all, thought I. Through the kindness of a young fellow-passenger who, instead of rushing off with friends as did others, came to my assistance, I found an “expressman”—what we call a parcels delivery man—who took my trunk to the Fifth Avenue Hotel for half a dollar. I myself reached that hotel, by means of two street cars, at the further charge of ten cents, or fivepence. My tramway ride gave me a new sensation. Owing to the roughness and holes in the streets, the vehicle every now and then threatened to capsize. The jolting was tremendous. At first I was inclined to laugh, but the other passengers, though frequently knocked up against each other, took it, with unaltered faces, as a matter of course. It seems to me unaccountable that the authorities of New York should allow their streets and foot-pavements to be in such a bad state. The reason generally given is altogether unsatisfactory—that the people are in such a hurry that they have not time to make up the streets; and that, even if they were made up, the traffic is so great that they would soon get into holes again. A shopkeeper on board told me his waggons were being continually broken by the bad

condition of the New York streets. The streets and pavements of London excited the admiration of the Americans; in this particular they admitted their favourite city was far inferior.

The Fifth Avenue Hotel is reputed to be one of the best in America. It was being painted and decorated during my visit, which caused some disorder. The accommodation and fare are excellent. The charge for bedroom and board is five dollars a day; if a bathroom is attached, seven dollars. At dinner I talked with some gentlemen who had come with the "Germanic," that left Liverpool two days before us. In the storm a man was washed from her rigging and drowned. At about 7 o'clock, New York time, I sent home a telegram which was delivered at 7 o'clock next morning. The charge seemed very reasonable, considering the distance and the ocean to be crossed, only two shillings a word.

While walking about the city I heard the tolling of a church bell at 20 minutes to 8 o'clock in the evening. Wondering what it meant, I went in the direction of the sound and came to a large Episcopal Church. I found people going in, and entered too. I was conducted to a very good seat. The service began at 8 p.m., the usual time in summer, I was told. Previ-

ously to the commencement there was a great deal of walking about the platform, then a large number of surpliced choristers marched in and took their seats, in two divisions. Their singing was very good, and the organ exceedingly well played. After prayers, the clergyman mounted a pulpit and gave an extempore address of about half-an-hour. I was curious to hear the style of preaching in this Republican land. The address was marked by no great thought or eloquence, but by a certain earnestness of manner. The preacher quoted by name Tennyson and also Spurgeon, with approval, from one of whose sermons he read a considerable extract. From this I concluded that clerical liberality was greater in America than in England, where I never remember hearing Spurgeon's name mentioned by an Episcopal clergyman in a sermon, and, if anywhere else, never with approval. I was pleased by another remark, to this effect—if any strangers were present the preacher would be glad if they would leave their addresses at the door, so that some one might visit them during the week.

At breakfast next morning my waiter was an Irishman, from Ulster. According to the invariable custom he brought me first of all a glass of iced water. Before getting what I had ordered he brought me also a basket

of fruit, and asked me if I would have a peach. Summer fruits are generally the first thing eaten at breakfast, such as apples, plums, peaches, and especially musk and water melons. When I asked the waiter for milk to my coffee, he said, "I will bring you cream!" "O you know what I like." "I can make a good guess," said he, and smiled. I had evidently gained his favour, for when he brought me the chicken I had ordered he brought me also something I had not. "Here," said he "is your chicken and two pieces of Irish bacon," pronouncing the last two words with an emphasis that clearly showed the value he put upon the delicacies they represented.

New York is a very wonderful place. It has grown with surprising rapidity, as towns do in America. That it is the finest city in the world, all things considered, I do more than doubt; but that it is the third city in the world, in regard to population, is I believe beyond a doubt. I was told, before leaving England, that it was a cosmopolitan rather than an American town, and I therefore resolved not to stay there, especially if the weather should be hot. But I wished to see a little more of it before starting for Canada. I proceeded on foot along the Fifth Avenue. My mode of travel was singular. Everybody else

seemed to be riding. American gentlemen have not time to walk. Street cars and omnibuses, or stages as they are called, are the usual means of going from one part to another. The "Elevated" railways are also a peculiar feature, and much frequented. I had not gone far till I was saluted by name by a tradesman who had crossed the ocean with me. He invited me to enter and see his shop, upon which he had just spent 10,000 dollars in fittings and decorations. After calling on some friends at the Windsor Hotel, I reached the Western Park. This I found a very large and interesting place. As I was about leaving it, I spoke to an old man who was sitting on one of the seats. He told me I had seen almost nothing of the park, that I should go to a certain place where were to be seen statues of Robert Burns and Sir Walter Scott. Why this old man singled out these countrymen of mine I did not know, but, persuaded by his earnestness and perhaps also secretly touched by the mention of the Scottish bards, I went in search of the place which their effigies were said to adorn. This, among so many winding ways, I found no easy matter; but, meeting with a few boys, the eldest fourteen or fifteen, I made further inquiries of them. They gave me directions, and, to my surprise, also added the names

of Burns and Scott. These men, thought I, have surely obtained true fame, since in this distant city they seem to be of especial interest to both old and young. At last I found this avenue, with its statues of eminent men. I next made my way again into the city, on the outskirts of which I found much building of substantial houses going on. Reaching a station of the "Elevated Railway," I climbed up and took a ticket for Brooklyn. The "Elevated Railway" is a peculiarity and a disfigurement of New York streets. It is a railway raised on piles above the windows of the lower storeys of the houses, which are considerably darkened by it. "Elevated," like its synonym, "tall," is a word dear to Americans. It accords well with their aspirations and strivings. On this "Elevated"—the substantive is generally omitted—trains are constantly running and making a rattling noise, which, so far from being an annoyance, seems to be a delight to the inhabitants. The noisy, rushing trains overhead are at once their emblem and incentive. For my part I should much prefer our Underground, notwithstanding its unnecessary sulphurous fumes. After a very long and cheap ride on this elevated way, I reached the ferry that separates New York from Brooklyn in Long Island. The railway carriages in America are quite

different from those of this country or the continent of Europe. They are much longer, capable of seating about sixty persons each, and not divided into compartments. Up the centre is a passage, on either side of which are seats, covered on the "Elevated" with a sort of matting, but on other railways generally with plush. Each seat holds two persons, has a window well supplied with wooden shutters, and is reversible, so that passengers can, if they choose, always sit with their faces to the engine. At either end is a door, by which alone people enter and go out and communicate with other carriages of the train. Along this central passage passengers often walk from one end of the train to another, till they find a seat to their mind. The conductors also walk right through the train, examining and checking the passengers' tickets as they come in at the different stations, and also announcing, with a loud voice, the name of the next station. The post of these conductors is by no means a sinecure. I have often wondered how they can, in crowded trains, amid continual comings and goings, single out the passengers that have entered at each station and ask to see their tickets. To them, as also to the conductors of street cars, practice gives a wonderful power of discriminating faces and persons.

Each carriage is furnished not only with a lighting but also a heating apparatus. Each train, and frequently each carriage, has a drinking fountain of iced water, which in hot weather is largely patronised—men, women, and especially children, constantly walking up and slaking their thirst from a common goblet. There are also retiring places, openly entered by persons of both sexes in turn without exciting any attention. The Americans are proud of their railway system, and wonder that England does not adopt their arrangements. If it did, say they, crimes and murders could not be committed in a train. As it is befitting in a Republic, there is in general but one class of carriages. This is also considered an advantage, for, whilst showing that all citizens are on an equality, it tends likewise, as is somewhat inconsistently maintained, to hold in check and improve the rough and rowdy element by their coming into contact with the more refined. In some trains I was informed there is a very inferior sort of carriage, with low fares, called immigrant cars. In trains that run any considerable distance there are also what are called drawing-room cars for day, and sleeping cars for night travelling, for which extra charges are made. The dining cars are also common for long journeys.

On reaching the ferry I determined to cross by the newly-erected Suspension Bridge, justly regarded as the highest achievement, up to this time, of engineering skill in bridge-making. For length, mass, and height above the arm of the sea which it spans, it is a veritable marvel. Over this bridge, at different heights, are a way for foot-passengers, a way for horses and carriages, and a double line of railway, on which trains are drawn by stationary engines. Across this bridge I walked at the cost of a cent. In consequence of some questions I put to a man walking over it at the same time, he chose to walk along with me, and gave me all the information he could. Like most American workmen, he was intelligent and well-informed. His occupation was the driver of a street-car at one dollar ninety cents a-day. Ten cents too little, he said. He had a holiday that day, and was making, like myself, his first visit to the wonderful bridge of which he had heard and read much. From the centre, or highest part, of the bridge is obtained one of the best views of New York City as well as of the busy river below, with its barges, steamers and boats of every kind. My humble *cicerone* explained to me the various parts of the city, and the names of the buildings that towered above the rest. Owing to the available

space being already nearly all built on, land is very dear, and so men are forced to take the direction most freely left to them—that towards the stars. New York is pre-eminently the city of tall buildings. I have counted many houses seven stories high beside the basement, and, for anything I know, there may be others higher still. Many of the houses consist of flats, which are reached by lifts, or “elevators,” and, contrary to the opinion in France and Scotland, the highest are considered the best, because farther from the noise and dust of earth, and perhaps for other reasons. When we reached the Brooklyn side my companion took his several way, bidding me good-bye, without asking for “something to drink my health,” as a man in his position in England is very apt to do. There is a certain feeling of honest pride and self-respect in the American working-man that compensates in some measure for qualities less agreeable.

Brooklyn is a pleasant place—residential, as our auctioneers and house-agents would call it. Many of the richer New York business men have their private houses here. After taking a very slight survey of it, I returned by the Fulton Ferry, so called, I suppose, after that Fulton who first brought steamboats into general use on the Hudson river.

After a very long omnibus ride, I alighted near my hotel. No sooner had I done so than I was accosted by a showily dressed man, with a very white hat, and a very great scar, from cheek to cheek, across his nose. "O, how do you do, my dear old friend? It is a long time since I have seen you." Thinking it might be some one I had known, I looked at him for a moment and then said he must be mistaken. "Then, what is your name?" I told him, honestly. "O then, I beg your pardon. I thought you were a client of our house, from Providence." From what Providence he meant I was not then aware. "But what ship did you come by?" "The 'Arizona,'" I said; not seeing the drift of the question. "And the captain's name?" "Brooks," was my still unsuspecting answer. Then, summing up this information, he said in a loud voice, "Your name is Jackson; you came in the 'Arizona,' with Captain Brooks." Lifting his hat, and again apologizing for his mistake, he walked away. I had not taken ten steps, when a small, pale-faced, rat-eyed man, sufficiently well dressed, came forward, with outstretched hand, hailed me by name, expressing delight at meeting me again. "I came with you in the 'Arizona,' and Captain Brooks is my uncle." I told him I did not remember seeing him on board;

but his ready answer was, "I was most of the time below, sea-sick. But," continued he, "I think you ought to congratulate me on my good fortune. I put in for a lottery at Panama, and have won. My name is published, and I am on my way to the office to learn the amount. Come with me, and if I have gained a good sum I will give you and another friend a new hat, on the head of it." Having no desire to be encumbered with a second hat, I said I was going to my hotel; but, if he liked, he might come there and tell me the amount of his good fortune. Besides, I did not want to walk more, as I was too hot. "Come, then," said he, taking me by the arm, "let us take a coupé—this carriage here." I refused. Still holding my arm, he says, "Come, then, let us walk; it is only across the square;" and gently dragged me a step or two in that direction. But having now suspicion that this earnest desire for my company was not quite disinterested, I forcibly stopped and asked him this question, "By what name was I known on shipboard?" I had him. He looked puzzled; stammered out, "Why do you ask? Was it some nickname?" I at once disengaged my arm, and said, "O, I am too old for you." He went off like a shot. A minute afterwards, I saw two policeman standing at the corner of

a street, talking with a young man. I said to them, "If I had seen you a minute ago I would have asked you to take two scoundrels in charge." Telling them why, they gave a faint knowing smile and said, "You are not far wrong; they wanted to play on you the 'confidence trick,' and give you a cheque in exchange for your pocket-book."

I have since heard, from many persons, of similar attempts of these wretches, and that they are of daily occurrence in New York. It was the first time, however, that I was ever taken for an innocent young man from the country. I have heard of cases in which clergymen, doctors, bankers, merchants, and—strangest of all—newspaper reporters have been assailed, caught, and made to suffer by these landsharks. Their *modus operandi* is nearly the same in all cases. There is a mistake as to identity, and the name and some particulars are found out, or they learn something about a guest at a hotel, and, having gleaned a few particulars, they make up a plausible story that takes people off their guard, and in the end they rob or murder them. I was informed by a gentleman, on whose word I can rely, that he knew a dignitary of the Church of England who listened to these fellows' truth-like tale, went with them, saw on entering what appeared a

regular counting house with a telegraph and clerk at it busily at work, sending and receiving messages. They obligingly sent a telegraphic message for him to a friend in a distant city, and in a little while a fictitious answer, very satisfactory in its nature, was returned to him. His confidence thus fully gained, conversation followed, then cards, and eventually disillusion and plunder.

I heard another case of a gentleman of good position who had been beset by these fellows, taken to their business-like office, then, by intricate passages, into an inner room where the usual cards were produced, and the consequence was that, under fear for his life, he had to sign a cheque for 5,000 dollars and leave it with these rascals before they would let him out. As soon as he got free he hastened home with all speed and went, in great distress, to his banker to stop payment of the cheque. As the cheque might have got into honest hands this was a delicate thing to do. So the banker, who told me the story, had to open negotiations with these men, and he eventually succeeded in getting back the cheque by giving them 1,000 dollars.

I was assured that it is no uncommon thing for the victims to be drugged, chloroformed, and then robbed in those dens, and, if they should offer any serious

resistance, to be murdered. New York is said to be the sink into which the scum and offscourings of all nations flow, and the favourite hunting-ground of liberated convicts. In that city, where life is much less thought of than here, they can ply for a time their vocation with far less hindrance. The New York police are said to be partly in fear and partly in league with these "Bunco-steerers," as they are called, and that is why they are not more vigorously put down.

At dinner was a crowd of English who had recently arrived. A celebrated London minister told me he was struck by the pale cadaverous looks of the Americans. He missed the roseate hue of his countrymen. The heat and manner of life were responsible for the difference. The American doctor, who had threatened our isle with shovels, was also present with his wife, and had grown quiet. After dinner, in the drawing-room, I talked with an old gentleman from Yorkshire, who had been travelling in America for some weeks. He was in a terrible rage at all American servants. They were saucy, uncivil, and exorbitant. They would not clean his boots for less than 10 cents, or 5d. He could get them better done anywhere in England for a penny. He had not had his boots cleaned for a week, and, though of course he could afford it, yet he was deter-

mined to resist the imposition and not have his boots cleaned at all. Whatever may be thought of his resolution, most English people will think that the 5d. is far too much. I found the regular charge of the street shoeblocks was 5 cents, but they never fail to try to get 10 from strangers, and by their impudence often succeed. In America, the 5-cent piece answers in general for buying power to the penny in England, the quarter dollar to our fourpence or sixpence, and the dollar not much more than our shilling. To the boat next morning, a distance less than a mile, the omnibus charge was half a dollar for each passenger and a quarter dollar for each piece of luggage, however small, which we, with our penurious notions, thought also extortionate.

CHAPTER V.

THE HUDSON—SARATOGA

As the weather was hot, and up the Hudson was a favourite resort, we found an immense crowd on board the huge "Albany" steamer, with her three decks and high, long-stroked, oscillating beam. In America there prevails a very convenient system of what is called checking luggage. Instead of a label, the luggage is furnished with a piece of metal, impressed with the name of the station sought, and a corresponding piece is given to the owner, to whom, on presenting it at his destination, his luggage will be rendered. Though not going direct to Montreal, I wished to have my trunk checked for that place. "Will you check my luggage for Montreal," said I to the man whose business it was. "I can't check it till I see it," was the abrupt but indisputable reply. It was seen, checked, and duly recovered at Montreal Custom House.

The Americans would almost seem to have but two degrees of comparison—the positive, for things "foreign;" the superlative, for things American. Each

remarkable thing pointed out is the biggest, finest, best in the world. The Hudson is one of those superlative things. It is the most beautiful river in the world, beating hollow, according to competent American judges, the boasted Rhine in everything except, perhaps, the ruined castles, which it has not yet got. The Hudson is the sacred river of the New Yorkists, as the Nile and Ganges are of the Egyptians and Indians. And now we are on the Hudson, and on the biggest and fastest steamer in the world, going over twenty miles an hour. Undoubtedly the Hudson is a fine piece of water, but an arm or inland bay of the sea rather than a river. There is no perceptible current in it; the fall from Albany to New York, a distance of about 180 miles, is said to be only ten feet. It is salt or brackish beyond Newburgh, and almost to Poughkeepsie. It is much broader than the Rhine, and this may take away from the apparent height of the banks, which nowhere look so high as those of the best part of the Rhine, between Bingen and Bonn. But be this as it may, and be it an arm of the sea or a true river, or both—which is most likely—it cannot be denied that it is a very enjoyable place on a hot day of August, when the temperature is 90 degrees in the shade. On the very prow of the upper deck, where I

found a seat, the motion of the vessel made a pleasant current of air, not very cool, indeed, but much better than air at rest, and by means of an umbrella the ardent rays of the sun were somewhat warded off. A young merchant of New York, originally from Chatham, Kent, going for a week to Niagara with his wife and child, happened to be on the next seat, and acted as my guide. He drew my attention to noted places, as we passed—the Palisades, or perpendicular banks; Sleepy Hollow of Washington Irving; the Military College of West Point; and the Catskill Mountains, on whose summits so many Americans seek refuge from the summer heat. The shipping traffic on the Hudson is very large, not only of the various places in the New York State, but also of Canada, as the Hudson is connected with the St. Lawrence by the Richelieu, Lake Champlain, and a canal, and also with Lake Ontario. There are many barges and rafts drawn by tugs. A striking and novel feature of the upper part of the river, where the water is fresh and pure, are the numerous ice-houses on both banks of the river. The ice traffic is a peculiar and interesting branch of American industry. The cutting, storing, and distributing of ice employ a whole army of men, and a large amount of capital. The city of New York

alone is said to use annually a million tons of ice. This immense quantity is nearly all obtained from the upper Hudson. In winter, as soon as the ice has attained a foot or more of thickness, troops of men repair to the Hudson and saw up the ice covering it, into large square blocks. These are deposited in those large wooden houses on the banks, and taken, as required, by barges down to New York. It is there disposed of wholesale and retail. The ice-carts go their daily rounds, to supply shops and families, as regularly as the milkman, baker, or butcher. Ice is now considered a necessary of life, and every family, except the very poorest, use it daily, not only in summer, but, what seems singular, even in the coldest weather of winter. The modern American considers water flat and insipid without this cooling addition. I found it the same in every city I visited. The "refrigerator," or receptacle for ice-water, is as common in every house as the stove or sewing machine. I know not what effect this constant use of ice-cold water may have upon the human frame; but one thing I do know, it is very agreeable in hot weather; and during the five weeks I was in America I drank more cold water than I do at home in twice as many years. The water of New York, which is

brought from the Croton Lake—above forty miles distant—is the finest water I ever tasted; it is a real pleasure to drink, even when one is not thirsty. In the article of potable water, New York unquestionably has a vast superiority over its two rivals, Paris and London. I wonder when these two rich and magnificent cities will take a lesson from New York or Glasgow, and cease to draw their drinking water out of sewage-polluted streams?

On board I had some conversation with a farmer from the upper part of New York State, between Syracuse and Oswego. Farming in the east of America, as in this country, has been for the last few years very bad. The farmers there feel the competition of their western compatriots as much as do the English. The wheat crop all over the States, and in Canada, has been the largest ever known; but the price was only seventy-five or eighty cents a bushel. At Chicago it has been sold as low as seventy-three, or three shillings in English money. This farmer found wheat-growing did not pay, owing to the dearness of labour. For eight months of the year each of his labourers received twenty-five dollars a month, with board and lodging. Farmers' sons hardly ever followed the business of their fathers, but went into the cities

to make use of the good education they had received. The country was thus always being drained of its best inhabitants. Wheat was sown in the beginning of September, in order that it might be of some strength before the winter frost set in. When once the snow fell it was sufficiently protected against the severest frost. Wheat-harvest took place towards the end of June, or beginning of July. Oats were sown in May, on the disappearance of the snow. This man, like the inhabitants of the United States generally, was an ardent lover of his country. It was a land of liberty. My "Arizona" friend disputed this, and affected great dissatisfaction with everything American. The Hudson was too broad, and the Albany was too crowded ; the American cigars were too bad, and the people too boastful. A good-natured, bantering, discussion arose between the two that collected a number of listeners who had nothing better to do. But the dispute was in the end amicably settled by an exchange of those defective cigars. On my remarking that I hoped the time would come when nations would compose their differences in the same peaceful manner, a pale, sallow, conical-headed man, dressed as a gentleman, who had been among the listeners, said, "That time is far off." This led me to speak to him. He told me he was

sure the farmer that had been speaking was not an American born, but an Irishman. He himself was an Irishman, and had been forced to leave his country by the English, against whom he had a mortal hatred. He had also a contempt for Scotchmen, because they had "caved in" to England, a thing Ireland would never do. The Irish would never rest till they had compelled England to give them liberty. The craven English now felt this; they were afraid of their lives. In their fear they search every one, even women, coming from America, lest dynamite should be brought. But in spite of all their efforts, dynamite would be brought. The Irish patriots did not mean to stop till they had destroyed every public building and public man in England and the Colonies. He did not think it cowardly to destroy innocent people, women and children. It was a law of nature that the innocent had to suffer for the guilty ; and in reality there were none innocent, every one was more or less responsible for his government. The English, by their repressive measures, had denied them fair means. They meant now to take every means, and destroy men, women, and children, till they got from fear what they could not get from justice. I said, " You are now indulging, like our friends a little while ago, in chaff and banter."

He answered, "I declare to God, I never was more sincere in my life." I said, "That is the language of a savage. Would you approve of assassination?" "Yes; I would kill," said he, "an Englishman as willingly as a rat, nay, more willingly, as the rat might never have done me any harm, but every Englishman has. I gloried in the murder of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Burke." The arrival of the boat at Albany put an end to this barbarous and abominable discourse of this "Irish patriot."

Albany, the capital of New York State, has a fine situation and a very grand provincial Parliament House. The road from the river to the railway station was detestable, and I think the Americans would show better taste if they spent, in making their streets decent, some of the money they lavish on their public buildings. The name of the railway I was now about to travel by was the strange one of the "Hudson and Delaware Canal Company." I thought at first some part of the journey might be by a canal, but I soon found what was in the name. The station and connected buildings were draped in black, for the lately deceased "President of the Road." President is the usual American for chairman; road or railroad for railway; track for line; car for carriage; dépôt for

station; conductor for guard. The custom of hanging public buildings with black cloth on the death of a public man is common in America. From Albany a two hours' ride brought me to Saratoga—a name I had long ago heard of as one of the few places where an English army had been disgraced, for it was at Saratoga that General John Burgoyne had to capitulate to the American General, Gates, 17th October, 1777. I had been again and again advised by American friends to visit this greatest of American watering places at the height of its season. On reaching the station I entered an omnibus belonging to the Grand Union Hotel, the largest, I was assured, in America, though I had already heard that the largest one was also at San Francisco. America is the largest continent in the world, its rivers are the largest; New York has the largest opera house, Philadelphia the largest store, Cincinnati the largest chicken-hatching establishment, Saratoga the largest hotel, and, as I see by a bill, also the largest ox on show. This is merely the young country's *façon de parler*. On entering the hotel, I found a great crowd in the spacious hall, a regular queue eagerly advancing to the desk of the registering clerk, getting in order their ticket and number. The main building, with its 1,956 bedrooms, as I was told

by a waiter, was already full. New comers were sent to the annexe, in batches or singly, under the guidance of a shining black waiter. I know not how many were sent in all to this annexe, but my number was 22. The dining room of this hotel is a sight. It is capable of dining 2,000 people at once at its 300 odd tables, with as many coloured waiters of all shades, from the simple tawny to the blackest of blacks. At certain hours, in an adjoining room, is heard a tremendous clattering of plates, knives, forks, and spoons, undergoing the process of washing and sorting.

In the dining-room I sat beside a Presbyterian clergyman from Annapolis, in Maryland. He was out for his holiday, and had been to the Catskill Mountains for some time for some cool air, and was now come to Saratoga for the waters. Maryland had been a slaveholding state while slavery existed, and there were many people there still who had been born slaves. The blacks generally were making progress since they had obtained their freedom: there were black clergymen in his own denomination; a black was to be moderator of his presbytery next year; and blacks were on the committee for the examination of theological students. Formerly, the coloured people were so much looked down upon that the whites would not

ride with them in the same railway car. This unfriendly feeling still exists in some places, though in a mitigated form, and the negro children are in most schools kept separate from the white. Afterwards, when in Baltimore, I was told by an intelligent young man, not that the blacks were making progress, but "were getting above themselves," which meant, I suppose, the same thing from a different point of view. In one thing I observed the blacks had a decided superiority over their white countrymen. While the latter were oppressed with the heat, and streaming with perspiration, though sitting still at table, the blacks, though running about at their waiting, seemed quite comfortable. A fellow-traveller said he liked them as attendants much better than their so-called white superiors he had elsewhere had to serve him, as they were much more attentive and civil.

In the season, the Grand Union has an excellent band, the orchestra of the chief theatre of Boston, as I was informed. It plays through the day at stated times, and the evening I was there it played up to 11 o'clock. The garden, with stately trees and illuminated fountains, was full of ladies and gentlemen, some seated, and some walking about. The company looked well-

to-do, as I was told they were. The visages of the men were in general thin, and with a certain vulpine keenness of expression, the result of friction in the hot race of life. Most of the women I thought looked a shade vulgar, but much plumper in person and countenance than their lords. I noticed their dress, and that, I am told, is a very extraordinary thing for me to do. My eye, though habitually blind to such things, could not but see how expensively and showily they were decked, and I could not help thinking of the amount of dollars that crowd of ladies carried on their backs. I was told, but I do not know with what truth, that some of those ladies thought nothing of spending 500 dollars on a single dress. Many came with so much luggage that they required several rooms to store it. Subsequently I made these observations about the ladies' dress to a Boston lady, and she said they were just, but that the best American society was now to be seen, not at Saratoga, but at Newport or Long Branch, where the dress was less demonstrative.

After the music ceased, I renewed conversation with a gentleman belonging to Massachusetts, who had come by the "Albany," and who was a regular annual visitor of Saratoga. He gave me an account of the place. This Grand Union had belonged to the

millionaire, Stewart, and was still the property of his family. It paid only two per cent. on the capital invested. Of an adjoining hotel another New York millionaire, Vanderbilt, was the owner. He was residing there at present, might be seen daily at the *table d'hôte*, was very affable, and very popular in the place. In walking up the chief street in the evening, I had observed the town was full of hotels illuminated by the electric light, as is the street itself. This light is much more common in America than in England. The hotels were full of people; each had a band or music of some sort, and at certain points of confluence of sweet sounds several concerts were heard simultaneously, and thus combined formed a respectable Dutch concert.

Next morning I rose early, and determined to taste some of the celebrated waters. Passing the sulphur spring, which, from a recollection of Harrogate, I had no desire to taste, I made for the Vichy, which was at some distance. I went along a very pleasant road, shaded with umbrageous trees of various kinds, and, seeing a path on the right I entered it, but soon found it led only to a half-ruined wooden house. I was out of my way for the spring, but seeing a man I was informed I could reach it by going along the "track."

In America, where roads are comparatively few and generally very bad, the railway lines are much used by foot-passengers, and often even by equestrians; so, without fear of trespassing, I went along the track; and a very rough and poor track I found it. The sleepers were coarse pieces of wood, with hardly any ballast near them, except what seemed a sprinkling of engine-ashes. My weight on their end could make some of them move. I came upon a gang of navvies repairing it, and asked them some questions, but they seemed not to understand what I said, nor did I understand them. Soon after I heard the rumble of an approaching train; as soon as the driver saw me, he commenced to ring his bell. Every engine is furnished with a large brass bell, each almost exactly of the same note, which is rung before entering and leaving every station, and at crossings, and to give warning of danger. During my stay in America I heard so much of the tinkling of these monotonous bells that I felt it a positive relief when I got out of their reach. At length I found the Vichy spring, passed the bottling department, and entered the drinking-room. Without waiting to be asked, a youth brought me a newly-drawn glassful of a sparkling, bubbling liquid. I drank it off, and consented to have another. No

charge was made; just what I pleased to give. I returned considerably refreshed by my two glasses of Vichy, with a paper setting forth, by minute analysis, the transcendent virtues of this spring over all others, and I felicitated myself on having stumbled on the best of the springs; but I found during the day that there were several others also best, and on my relating to my Massachusetts friend my expedition and draught, I was told that I had done quite wrong, the Vichy water was not a before-breakfast drink at all. I should have gone to quite another spring. I found that water-drinking was here reduced to a science—that the various wells formed a sort of horologe, and that there was a water for certain periods of the day, or rather states of the stomach. But, notwithstanding the mistake I had made, I took a very good breakfast. My kind friend promised to take me to the several springs in their proper order, and under his guidance I went. We visited most of them, but I forgot the names of every one except that of the "Red Spring"—evidently from the colour—an iron one. I tasted of all these waters, and, with true American hospitality which I found everywhere to be great, my guide would not let me pay in a single instance, but paid himself.

CHAPTER VI.

MONTREAL—KNOWLTON,

IN the afternoon I continued my journey to Montreal. On reaching Whitehall, I wished to send a telegram, and enquired of the guard if I should have time. The answer was, "You have five minutes." At Plattsburg I asked the same man, "How long do we stop here?" when he answered, "You may stop as long as you like for me, governor." I did not feel particularly thankful for this gracious assurance. I was strongly advised to make from Whitehall the tour of Lake George and of Lake Champlain, as the sail round was said to be most charming; but the boat I should have gone by had been taken off Lake George, and so I decided to go right on to Canada at once. But for many miles we skirted, on the railway, Lake Champlain, in some places hanging almost over it, so that we had a very good, if rapid, view of this charming piece of water, which is, I understand, 120 miles long. As is customary in American trains, there was a lad walking about

all the way, selling fruits, sweets, newspapers and books. At Rouse's Point we approached the Canadian frontier, and the Canadian Custom-house officers entered the carriages to examine the passengers' hand-bags. I have no affection for these officials anywhere. "Open that bag," said one of them to me, pointing to one that was on the seat beside me. I took no notice; and, repeating the order, he found at last it was not mine. The Canadian conductor was more neatly dressed than the American—at any rate more like an English guard—and the engine could whistle like a true English engine, a feat that none belonging to the United States can do. All that I heard could only neigh, grunt, or cough. After a long ride, and the latter part in the shades of night, we passed through what, in the darkness, I thought a tunnel, but which was, as I afterwards learned, the Victoria Bridge over the St. Lawrence, and reached Montreal somewhere near the "wee short hour ayont the twal." After a short delay at the custom-house, and an omnibus ride of a few minutes, I found myself in the old, but comfortable, hostelry of St. Lawrence Hall. My own feelings, assisted by the sleepy look of the benighted officials on duty, soon sent me to my bedroom and sleep.

Next morning, I went to the temporary office of the British Association. The local officials seemed to be very busy and excited, by the magnitude and importance of their duties, but very obliging in offering and rendering assistance. Most of them had their coats off, more on account of the heat than the weight of the work. Here, and in the United States, I found it was very customary for young gentlemen, especially little boys, to go about with neither coat nor waistcoat, but with a neatly dressed shirt that did duty for both. The presentation of a card of introduction made me the guest of one of the most respected citizens of Montreal, whose house, during my stay in Canada, I found, in the best sense, my home. My own experience here made me cordially join in the general praise of the extraordinary kindness and hospitality shown to the members of the British Association by the inhabitants of Montreal. The visitors, one and all, have carried away with them the pleasantest recollections of their sojourn in this chief and charming city of the Canadian Dominion. The only drawback for a day or two was the heat. By a large thermometer, standing in the shade at the General Post Office, I observed the temperature was 92·5. This great heat

was felt as much by the inhabitants as their visitors, if not more. Wherever I went, both in Canada and the United States, I found the people greatly tried by the heat, and, though much more lightly clad, complaining of it more than their guests. They keep their houses so warm during the winter by stoves, double windows, and doors, that they seem to have less power to resist extremes of temperature than those who do not take such pains to exclude the cold air from their apartments. At Washington I saw a regulation prescribing for teachers in the public schools not to allow the temperature to fall below 60, or to rise above 75. This is something like our summer heat to be preserved in winter, with a range of only 15 degrees. This constant heat must be debilitating to the constitution. Immigrants, accustomed in their native countries to a greater range of temperature, are said to feel both the heat and cold less the first year than they do afterwards.

Montreal—Mont-real—Mount Royal is a large city, with a population estimated at 150,000. An Indian town or encampment, called Hochelaga, is said to have occupied its site before the arrival of the French. After their arrival it was called Ville de Marie. Its

inhabitants are divided into two well-marked races, the British and the French. The French, who live chiefly in the east or meanest part of the city, are the most numerous; are said to outvote the British, and, therefore, to have the chief share in the government of the place. The mayor is always French, as also the majority of the corporation. Many do not understand English. The Catholics outnumber the Protestants in a ratio of over two to one. The province of Quebec is the Goshen of Catholic priests. There they have more sway over the people than the priests have in Ireland, or in the city of the Pope itself. The laity, I was told, are "completely priest-ridden," but whether they are thereby in a worse plight than their kinsmen in France, who have shaken off religion itself as well as priests and superstition, is a question I am not quite prepared to answer. According to my observation, however, I may say if the priests lord it over the people, they also freely associate and sympathise with them, and this no doubt has a good deal to do with their authority.

As in London and many of our towns, there is a marked difference between the east and west ends of Montreal. In the latter are the fine houses and the rich; the poor and mean abodes are to be seen in the former, but nowhere such squalor and misery as in our

great cities. The means of living are more abundant in Canada, and, except in the case of the aged and suffering, there need be no poor at all. The situation of Montreal is very fine. Its two grand physical embellishments are, on the one side the majestic river St. Lawrence, here about two miles broad, and the picturesque Mount Royal, rising to an elevation of 700 feet, on the other. On the very first day of my visit I had an opportunity of seeing both these natural attractions. I went first to the river's edge on foot, walked along the quays and looked at the extensive shipping—large ocean and other steamers—and the motley throng at work in connection with them. I might have fancied myself at Havre de Grace, everything seemed so French—from the faces of the women and children to the blue blouses and *patois* of the men. One thing surprised me greatly, the wreaths of dust, as of dun snow, that covered the streets some inches deep. A pair of mules in a waggon raised, as they passed along, a cloud of dust that might be compared to the smoke that issues from a locomotive on a frosty morning, but rising much lower down. Although the water is at hand, it never seems to occur to the authorities to utilise it in laying the dust. The dust seems to be removed only by the wind, or by the bodies of people

and animals that pass through it. When rain comes, it becomes mortar of various degrees of consistency. In nothing does America appear a young country more than in its streets and roads. After following the course of the river as far as houses extended, I turned inward and examined the various streets. Almost every street in the older part was Saint Something ; a proof of how much the early settlers had been under the influence of religious ideas.

In the afternoon, I rode up, with my kind entertainers, to the top of Mount Royal. The people of Montreal have, with very considerable outlay and most commendable taste, made a pleasant spiral carriage-way up to the summit. This winding-way forms a very delightful promenade. As we ascended we got a complete view of the city, of the broad St. Lawrence, and of the country far beyond. There was a fresh mountain air, and a grateful smell of trees and plants with which the mountain is clothed. When partly round, my attention was called to the place where the people of Montreal enjoy, amid the winter snows, the peculiar Canadian game of "Tobogganing," said to have been borrowed from the North-American Indians. The "Toboggan" is a small wooden sledge capable of holding two persons, not abreast but in line. This

primitive carriage is taken to the top of a steep incline, from which it is shot down, with ever-increasing velocity, till it reaches the level below, where it comes to a standstill. In the clear moonlight nights of winter, young men and maidens are often found flying down this declivity, the young man behind as steerer and in delightful proximity to the maiden in front. When the level is reached, the pair have to alight and drag their "Toboggan" up to the top again for another descent. This process of hauling up the carriage is said to be not so irksome and laborious as might be supposed. The sympathetic pair, with pleasure in prospect, seem rather to enjoy the exercise. The ingenuous youth feels, as did Ferdinand in piling his logs, that the mistress that he serves quickens what is dead and makes his labours pleasures. In this country, when we hear that the Canadian winter is very severe and lasts six months, we naturally conclude that that must be a very dull and trying season. But it appears not so. Many people, especially the young, told me they liked the winter more than the summer, as it was more given to enjoyment, to carnivals, and Ice-Palace building festivities. Further round on this mountain, on the side away from Montreal, I passed the place of rest both from pleasure and

toil. This cemetery, by its loneliness and beauty, seemed the *beau-ideal* of a quiet last resting-place.

On subsequent days I made further examinations of the town. The Catholic Church of Notre Dame is a large and fine building, with a tower said to be 220 feet high. On entering, I was invited to ascend this tower, and informed that an elevator would take me up for a quarter dollar, but I soon found that this was a pious fraud, for its range extended to only the first 100 feet; the remainder had to be accomplished by the ordinary toilsome process of stair-climbing. From the top I had another capital bird's-eye view of the city, and could trace many of the streets and make out the chief buildings. While I was sitting down and leisurely surveying the things below, another adventurer came up and sat down by my side. He told me the object of his visit and part of his history. He was a merchant of "dry goods"—the usual expression for drapery here and in the United States—at Sarnia, on Lake Huron. The people in his town and neighbourhood were generally prosperous, and chiefly Scotch. He had to pay 27 per cent. duty on English cloth, but it made no difference to him as his customers had to pay it in the end. Protection was rather an advantage to him, as it kept out the cheaper cotton

goods of the United States, though he was rather unfortunately situated, as many of his customers had only to cross the narrow strip of water and make purchases in the States, which purchases they often contrived to bring back without paying duty.

As I wished to visit some friends at Knowlton, 60 miles off, I went to the Bonaventure Station of the Grand Trunk Railway. Our language takes its complexion from our surroundings. The largeness of their country is reflected in the language of the American people in their superlatives. America has been called the country of magnificent distances. Both in Canada and the United States the measure of distance is the English mile; but this mile is not looked upon with the same eye as in England. In England, 60 miles is a respectable journey; in America it is regarded as nothing. Once on inquiring the distance of Toronto from Montreal, I was told it was quite near, but on making the journey I found it 340 miles—nearly as far as from Edinburgh to London. Quebec, also, which is about 180 miles distant, is considered a near neighbour. In a country where railway journeys are counted by thousands of miles, journeys of tens or hundreds are of small account. Mine to Knowlton, then, was like passing into the next street, and yet

the train took three hours to do it. Shortly after starting we passed through the Victoria Bridge, this time in broad daylight. The sun shining brightly through the numerous ventilation openings occasioned a curious flickering light as the train moved along. Yet the ventilation did not seem good, as the smoke was driven right back into the carriages, which sent many of the passengers off coughing. It being Saturday, and tickets available to Monday at less than a single fare for the double journey, the train was crammed full of passengers, who went out by degrees at the various stations. The country for a long way was an alluvial plain, evidently the work of the St. Lawrence in past ages, or of the tributary Richelieu. One of the most striking features of the Canadian landscape is water. Canada is *par excellence* the land of lakes, broad rivers, and streams. "Water, water, everywhere," and on a scale commensurate with the country. I asked my companion in the carriage the name of a river about the size of the Thames at Reading, and he said he did not know if it had a name; it was only a stream. The plain soon gave place to a country, rough and rocky. Another striking feature of Canadian and American fields is their rugged, shaggy surface, studded with stumps of trees

in all stages of decay. It is among these stumps, two or three feet high, that cattle graze and corn grows. It is amid these that the ploughman has to urge his team of horses or oxen. It would puzzle an English ploughman to till a field where such stocks, from a foot to a yard in diameter, with their wide-extending roots, encumber the ground every few paces. In the province of Ontario I once asked a farm implement maker if the breaking of ploughs was not an every-day occurrence, and if the animals drawing them were not rendered fractious by the impediments; but he said, Not at all. They get so accustomed to the work that whenever the plough strikes on a stump, or root, they take that as a signal and immediately stop till the plough is shifted, and then go on again. But in many places in Ontario, where the farmers are enterprising and the land becoming valuable, these stumps are completely rooted out by a machine worked by a pair of horses. When taken out they are collected together to form fences, instead of the usual wooden rails. It may give some idea of the laborious nature of this stump extraction when one hears that it is considered good work when men, horses, and machine can get out one in half-an-hour. Canada having suffered severe denudation, the surface of the fields is further encum-

bered, in many parts, by rocks *in situ* and boulders. These are still more intractable than the stumps. It is surprising to see magnificent trees rising to a great height among these rocks and stones, where scarcely a particle of earth is visible. At Sutton Junction we changed carriages, and proceeded by a branch line to Knowlton. Here was a number of primitive-looking carriages, that gave me the impression of being in a foreign country. A carriage was in waiting for me, drawn by a pair of mules. These animals are much used in America generally, and a good pair of mules is said to be quite equal in value to a good pair of horses. On leaving the train, I found I had been riding all the way from Montreal with a gentleman that had, when a boy, lived in my house with me for half a year—but five-and-twenty years had rendered us mutually unknown. Time, among his other wonders, makes friends strangers.

Knowlton is a village situated in a picturesque region. The country is undulating and woody; there is a charming sheet of water called Brome Lake, hills on the background rising, tier upon tier, away to the mountains in Vermont. As might be expected in a new country, where police organisation is naturally imperfect and individual freedom is greater, robberies

and crimes of every name are common in America, especially in the thinly-populated districts. There freebooters and desperadoes of every description abound. Even in New York, according to the Police Commissioner's Report, crimes are committed of every name known among men. In the evening the conversation turned on this subject, and, among others, I remember the following two stories. My hostess, the widow of a Canadian judge, told us of a case that had been tried before her husband. One night two men knocked up a doctor and told him his attendance was urgently required to see a patient at some distance. To save time, as they alleged, they would not let him take his own carriage and servant, but would take him with all speed in the conveyance they had brought. He hastily got ready and went with them. They drove him to a distance, by unknown ways, to a lonely house. He entered; there were no lights, no patient. The men attempted to rob him. In the struggle he managed to get near the window, through which he dashed, and, under cover of the darkness, happily evaded his pursuers. The men were afterwards discovered and brought to judgment. The other was of a heartless theft committed in a crowded railway car. An industrious farmer, in one of the eastern States,

finding that his family was large and thinking to better himself, as many do, by going west, sold his farm and, with the money in his pocket, set out with his family to buy another larger farm where land was cheaper. The carriage into which they entered was so full that the family could not find seats all together—the eldest daughter, a girl in her early teens, had to take a seat in the rear. Two men on the seat behind her began to talk with her; she told them the story of her father going to seek a new home, with the price of his late farm in his pocket to buy it. The father was pointed out. As soon as opportunity offered, the men got near him, entered into conversation, and in the end robbed him of his money, left the carriage, and the poor man and his family absolutely penniless. The large American cars do not appear perfectly safe any more than the English smaller ones.

A thunderstorm occurred during the night. I was sorry it was in the night, as I wished to see an American thunderstorm, which is said to be much more violent than ours. It cooled the air considerably. I attended the little Episcopal church in the village, wooden, as most of the Canadian country houses are. The clergyman was away. A young man intended for the ministry read prayers, lessons, and a printed

sermon fifteen minutes long. In the churchyard, not a burial-ground, our mules and carriage stood during the service, with the patience peculiar to their race. After church I was introduced to a lady, a descendant of The Knowlton, a royalist, after whom the place was called. This Knowlton had fought vigorously on the side of the king, and, after the war, had received a grant of land here as an indemnity for the loss of property he had sustained in the United States. Much of the land in the province of Ontario was allotted in the same way to unfortunate royalists. On walking round the gardens I was interested to observe the crops. In the open air were seen growing, luxuriantly, musk and water melons, grapes, tobacco, and cayenne pepper. In the orchard were fine apples of many sorts—Canada is famous for this fruit—there was one delicate, round, peach-like apple, and another of a deep dark red; these, clustering on the trees like haws, were very beautiful. Afterwards I called on the M.P. for the county, a gentleman whom I had well known when he was beginning to read and had seen last in Heidelberg, Baden, more than twenty years ago. At his gate I was reminded of one fact, that America is the great land of invention and machinery. This is much used as a substitute for hand labour, or a

supplement to it. At his gate is a contrivance which I do not remember seeing in England, by which the carriage, if properly driven, makes the gate fly open, and, as soon as it is through, shut again, thus saving time and trouble. Here we talked of the political situation of Canada, and, according to the opinion of several politicians then present, Canada has too much government.

As I had to return to Montreal early next morning, I found a wonderful change of temperature. Two days before the thermometer had attained a maximum of 92·5 in the shade. It had now fallen below the freezing point. On going to the station, I observed the road and grass covered with frosty rime. People riding to the train were wrapped up in plaids and shawls. The stove in the waiting-room was roaring, and surrounded by a shivering crowd as if it had been a day in January. These sudden changes, I was told, are one of the drawbacks of Canadian life. Wood is the fuel used here, both in houses and trains. Heaps of wood, cut into pieces of about two feet long, are seen piled up at various stations. In three hours the train reached Montreal, after having picked up on its way most of those who had gone with it on Saturday.

CHAPTER VII.

QUEBEC—SOREL—ST. LAWRENCE.

IN the committee-room I found everything in a transition state. Some of the officials had already gone to McGill College, the meeting place of the British Association. I found fresh arrivals of members that had come by the "Polynesian" and the "Parisian." A geological acquaintance of long standing said they had had a very jolly time of it on board—games, and fun and frolic of all descriptions, such as healthy people are sure to have when they are together with nothing to do. He thought of going to the extreme North of Canada, to join a gentleman and his wife already there, on a fishing and fowling expedition. Both fish and fowl in these remote regions, unacquainted with the wiles and wickedness of man, become his ready prey. The fish seized the bait without suspicion, and were caught as fast as one chose; and the birds, having no more fear of man than of one another, allowed themselves to be knocked down *ad libitum*. At McGill College I found pre-

parations going briskly on in the reception-room. After getting my ticket and other documents I made, with what haste the "hackman" could, for Dalhousie Square, and took the train by the North Shore to Sorel. I had a good view of the country on the one hand, and occasional glimpses of the river on the other—the surface of the low, well-washed, alluvial plain, bristling with stumps or strewed with countless boulders. Harvest operations still in progress, pigs and sheep numerous, and apparently the chief stock. As usual, streams large and abundant. My next neighbour in the train was a Frenchman, a civil servant from Ottawa, on his way with his wife and child—an object of especial interest to both—to New Brunswick for a holiday. He told me that the French were all loyal subjects of the Queen, strongly opposed to annexation with the United States. He quoted the saying of a French member of the Dominion Parliament, as expressing the sentiments of the whole French population—“*Nous sommes Canadiens avant tout.*” On another occasion I talked with another civil servant from the same Ottawa, but an Englishman, or at any rate an English-speaking man, and he declared the so-called patriotism of the French Canadians to be nothing more than selfishness. They feel their

privileges in Canada, and enjoy them without caring a straw for the Queen or the English. "You see," said he, "they have taken no interest whatever in the British Association;" a fact I could not deny. "And," continued he, "they are opposed to annexation, simply because if joined to the United States they could not get their religion taught at the public expense as they do now." The diverse nationalities, living in close *juxta-position*, do not seem to constitute one very happy family. It would be a wonder if they did, with their different tastes, characters, and religions. But be this as it may, it is pleasant to find that the whole population of the Dominion, whatever be their motives, are in favour of maintaining their connection with England, or, as it is there generally called, with "The Old Country."

As I was going to call at Sorel, it was necessary to change carriages at Berthier Junction and cross the river by ferry-boat. The junction is a mile or two from the village and river. To get to it I was directed to take my place in a baggage waggon, made of rough unplaned boards as they had left the saw mill. This waggon—without doors, windows, or proper seats—served at once for luggage and passengers. The larger articles, such as trunks and bags, served their

owners for seats, but the majority had to stand. I was amused by two priests, with very high chimney-pot hats—worn constantly by the priests and the priests alone—I heard of a Rugby boy who went home to Montreal for a holiday with such a headdress, and he was hooted on the street for his pains. These two priests sat, all the time, at the doorway on their trunks, and one of them kept smoking a short dirty pipe the whole distance. It seemed to me an uncanonical position and act for these shepherds of the flock, but their conduct did not seem at all to be considered extraordinary. On the river a steamer was waiting to take across to Sorel the passengers and luggage, together with sundry cows, a horse and cart, and, worst of all, a heavy barge of grass in tow, to a paper mill. The towing of this barge retarded still more the motion of a vessel that seemed of no great speed at best. The distance we had to go was about seven miles, and we took considerably more than an hour to do it. On board I talked with a well-grown gentleman, an inspector of the Grand Trunk Railway, who well knew, from residence in them both, Winnipeg and Manitoba. In many places in the prairie districts, the usual fuel was the rank prairie grass, hard-twisted into ropes. But the railway that is now in progress is beginning to introduce wood and coal.

In the broad St. Lawrence we passed a solitary fisherman setting his night lines, and afterwards reached Sorel a little after sunset. This little town is situated on a low sandy tongue of land at the confluence of the Richelieu and the St. Lawrence. Before landing, the proprietor of some hotel offered me the shelter of his house for the night, but on my declining, he put me on the way of reaching a friend's house—the English College, as the people called it—a short distance off. While the carriage was being got ready, the driver, a Frenchman, asked me into his house. There I found, in a very small room, his wife and two children, and in a still smaller one adjoining I saw two more in bed. The mother herself seemed but a girl. She, too, was French, and could speak no English. She told me she had been married at sixteen, and was now nearly five-and-twenty—a young age for a mother of four children. She told me also what I heard from others, that it is a common thing for the French girls to marry about the age she did. No wonder if the French far outnumber the English in the province of Quebec.

The St. Lawrence is the chief channel of communication for Sorel with Montreal and Quebec. At 10 p.m. the steamer, "Quebec," arrived from

Montreal. The arrival is evidently the event of the Sorel day. Crowds were waiting both to welcome and take leave of friends; many also from mere curiosity, everywhere a characteristic of the human race. After a short halt, to deliver and receive passengers, the bell rings, and the course is continued. On entering I found the steamer, like the one on the Hudson, large, and luxuriously fitted-up; but no berth vacant. I was offered a shake-down somewhere on the upper-deck, but declined. I prepared myself to pass the night the best way I could on chairs, as many other people were trying to do. But sleep, though coming several times, would not stay, being frightened away by my semi-erect position, and especially by the incessant jerk! jerk! of the powerful engine, that, like a mighty sledge-hammer on an anvil, kept pounding away. As soon as it dawned I gave up all attempt at rest, and went on the upper-deck. It was raining. I was informed by an officer of the ship that the river where we were was about three miles broad. St. Lawrence is truly a noble river. Notwithstanding its breadth it is said to present throughout its whole course, from the sea to Montreal, a channel of^{*} at least thirty feet deep, except in one place near Sorel, where the river

widens almost into a lake. There a passage has been excavated, and is kept open by dredging, deep enough to let pass the largest ocean-going steamers. About dark the previous evening I had seen the "Parisian" ploughing her way up at that very point. While standing in the fore-part of the saloon, in shelter from the rain, and watching through the glazed windows the river and its banks, a tobacco-chewing citizen of Cincinnati, but originally from County Londonderry, came up and expressed to me his admiration of the river. It was a much nobler river than his Ohio, which is at its best only in February, and becomes shrivelled up during the heat of summer. He was a saddler by trade, and had set up for himself in busines a little before the breaking out of the war with the south. During the war he had almost more business than he could do, and had made much money. He had now a partner, and was in a large way of business as a manufacturer of "saddle-trees," sending out on an average two waggon loads of them every week. America, said he, was a great country. Any one who would work hard, honestly, and half-decently—a common Americanism—would soon be well off; but the lazy and idle would be badly off, as everywhere. He had never visited Ireland

since he had been in America, but his business took him to all the great American towns—New Orleans, St. Louis, Chicago, Boston, New York, and “Philadelphia.” This man was the type of many to be met with in America—rich, shrewd, uneducated in all but the excellent “Real-Schule” of the American business world. He took hasty leave of me to go and call up his wife, saying he would see me again; but at the same moment the steward rung his bell, went round knocking up the sleepers as Quebec was near, and I saw him no more.

The banks, that had been before low and wooded, now became steep and picturesque. Rafts of timber, dragged by labouring tugs, strike the attention. Small looking houses nestle at the foot of the mountains on both sides of the river. Ahead is seen a place like which I had seen nothing before. “That is Quebec,” was said on various sides. Quebec, indeed! the strange, charming congeries of buildings, crowning the heights above the broad, majestic river, could be no place else. The steamer first discharged its passengers at Levis, on the right bank, and then passed over to Quebec, on the left. The arrival took place under a torrential rain. The cold mountain tops had condensed the moisture-laden air from the ocean, and

had given me an opportunity of seeing a real American downpour. Landing under the circumstances was no joke. Many resolved to remain in the shelter of the ship, thereby evidently exciting the impatience of the officials stationed to collect the tickets, who saw no end to their work. Not wishing, for my part, to prolong their uneasiness, I, after a little hesitation, gave up my ticket, and ventured out. A cabman immediately offered his services, which I readily accepted. He promised to bring me a carriage in which I might find complete shelter. He brought one, a wretched *calèche*, about the size of a chair, open before and behind, with a canopy above not much broader than my hat. I entered, and found we were meeting the rain, which drove right through the vehicle. I attempted to block its passage with my umbrella, but with only partial success. Our route was up a steep hill, down which ran a stream of water from side to side that might have turned a mill. My coachman at starting pretended to know my destination, but, instead of taking me direct, drove me right to the end of the town. Meeting there a policeman, he learned that he had come far past the place, and was obliged to retrace his steps. He eventually found the spot, and when offered the bargained-for fare

wished for more, as he had taken me such a long way.

A cordial reception from kind friends made up for the vigils of the night and the adventurous ride of the morning. When sufficiently refreshed I set out, under skilled direction, to see as much of Quebec as the limited time at my disposal allowed. We first visited the Departmental Buildings, still unfinished, but which, when completed, will form a fine quadrangle. Here are the public offices and the meeting place of the Provincial Parliament. Since my visit, a portion of this building in course of erection has been partially destroyed by an explosion, as it is supposed, of dynamite. I was introduced to the chiefs of the Departments of Crown Lands, Surveying, Education, and of the Museum and Library, from whom I received much interesting information and valuable documents relating to the Province of Quebec. A great deal of land in this province is still unoccupied, and can be bought at a very cheap rate. The system of education is excellent, ample provision, both in French and English, being made for the primary, secondary, and higher education of the young. From the public buildings I next went to the citadel on the heights. The fortifications there were constructed under the direction of

the Duke of Wellington. Here is the summer residence of the Governor-General, at present Lord Lansdowne. Visitors usually inscribe their names in the books of the Earl and Countess, which are kept in the hall of the official residence. From various points on these heights, magnificent views are had of the river below and the country far and near. The rifled cannon are of no great weight, but there is one heavy one, presented by Palliser, also a little brass one, taken from the enemy at Bunker's Hill. An American, having been shown this trophy, said his countrymen had taken at the same battle five in its stead. Not many soldiers appear to be there. A few were lounging about, some were trying their strength by throwing a weight, while in the reading-room a fewer still were reading books and papers. The wooden ballroom, erected during the residence of the Princess Louise in this place, is still standing. The grand ball she gave there to the citizens is still fresh in their remembrance.

One of the most interesting sights here was the heights, to all appearance inaccessible, which were scaled with so much gallantry by our soldiers on the memorable occasion of the taking of Quebec in 1759. The very course of the alleged ascent was pointed out by our guides, but perhaps imagination shared with

tradition the credit of this information. After leaving this historically and scenically interesting place, I was taken to the public Museum and Reading-room, the English reviews that lay on the tables had been reprinted, I saw, in Philadelphia, as also many other works published originally in England. It is a pity some copyright understanding could not be come to by which authors and publishers in either country might reap the just reward of their labours and enterprise. I next visited the chief French church, and afterwards the adjoining seminary chapel. The sacristan gave me a printed catalogue of the pictures there to be seen. Among them were some very good ones, but the light just then did not happen to be very suitable for some of them. The pleasure that these works afforded me was marred by my observing, at the foot of the catalogue, two other items of things also to be seen—a collection of saints' bones, and a link of the chain by which St. Paul had been bound. It is this gross system of deception that must ever render the Roman Catholic religion distasteful to honest thinking men. Passing up the hill, by the ancient Government House, I reached the monument to Wolfe and Montcalm, the heroic leaders of the opposing forces, who were mortally wounded on the same eventful day, now no longer rivals but sharers

of an undying renown. I copied the short inscription : “*Mortem virtus, communem famam Historia, monumentum Posteritas dedit*” (Valour gave death, History common fame, Posterity monument). I was shown the spot where Wolfe fell shot, and a little further on where he died. Here is reared an elegant column with this inscription :—“This pillar was erected by the British Army in Canada, A.D. 1849—His Excellency Lieutenant-General Sir Benjamin D’Urban, Commander of the Forces—to replace that erected by Governor-General Lord Aylmer, C.C.B., in 1832, which was broken and defaced and is deposited beneath.” On the other side these words :—“Here died Wolfe, victorious, September 13th, 1759.”

Having seen a little of this oldest Canadian town, I returned on the following morning to Montreal by rail. On the way I caught an occasional sight of the St. Lawrence, and of the hills and dark woods far beyond. The ground was everywhere strewed with erratic blocks of stone. The white wooden houses, apart or grouped in villages, diversified the face of the country. St. Jeanne de Neuville is a dark, moss-like stream. The St. André is a considerable affluent of the St. Lawrence, and when clear of ice is navigable, chiefly for wood and bark. I saw some pieces of

maize struggling in a soil and climate evidently uncongenial. The fruit-boy in the train was selling small round, jet-black grapes, about the size of good buckshot. The flavour of these, as also that of all the grapes I tasted in America, is poor and wild, quite different from the delicious grapes of Europe. Yet the Americans seem to think highly of their grapes, and I have heard some say they could never grow tired eating them. At Three Rivers there was a halt of fifteen minutes for lunch. Here the St. Maurice falls into the St. Lawrence by three mouths, which gave rise to the name of the place. At this station there entered the train an old lady from Boston, the widow of a sea-captain. She had gone to Three Rivers to see some friends that she had known long ago, but not one remained; she could hear there nothing but French, which she could not understand; was now going to some watering-place which she called St. Léon. She was fond of travelling; whenever she took the fancy she shut up her house in Boston, and was off without giving her friends a day's notice. She was full of stories about the lawlessness of the bad American men, and the murders they committed. She gave me the name of a young man of respectable family, well-known in Boston, who, at Montreal a year

ago, had gone out of the railway-car for some refreshment and had never afterwards been heard of. His luggage was left in the carriage. All sorts of searches had been made for him by police and detectives, but in vain. His father, before a prosperous man, had since gone to ruin through anxiety and grief for the loss of his son.

CHAPTER VIII.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION—OTTAWA.

ON my return to Montreal I found the reception room and the other departments of the British Association fully organised and in working order. The opening meeting was to take place that evening. As I am giving here only notes of my tour, it is not my purpose or intention to attempt any detailed report of the transactions of the Association during the week it was in session at Montreal. A voluminous report of its proceedings is published every year, containing elaborate reports of committees on scientific subjects; abstracts, by their authors, of the chief papers read; and the addresses of the president and presidents of the various sections. It is in this volume that full information concerning the transactions of the British Association should be sought. But it may be worth while, for the sake of those who may never see that report, to give some general information about the British Association and its doings.

The British Association for the Advancement of

Science held its first meeting at York in 1831. Every year since a meeting has been held in some town of the British Isles. Important towns are eager for the honour of entertaining the Association, and there are usually several suitors for the privilege. A necessary condition is a guarantee fund and buildings of sufficient size and number. The place of meeting is generally fixed two years in advance. Each year is chosen a new president—a man eminent in some branch of science. The time of meeting is August or September. The session lasts for a week. The opening meeting takes place on Wednesday evening, when the new president is installed and reads his address on a subject with which he is particularly conversant, or on the progress of science during the past year. On Thursday, the various sections meet for work. These are seven in number:—Section A, Mathematics; B, Chemistry; C, Geology; D, Biology; E, Geography; F, Economics; G, Mechanics. The presidents of sections deliver addresses, and papers are read. In the evening a *conversazione* takes place in some suitable building, attended by members and associates—that is persons who join the Association only for the occasion. On Friday sections, and a lecture in the evening by some

scientific man. Saturday is generally devoted to excursions to places of interest in the neighbourhood, which are kindly put at the disposal of the members and associates; in the evening a popular lecture to the working classes. On Sunday, special sermons are preached in the various places of worship to those whose spiritual sight has not been blinded by the brilliancy of their science. On Monday, sections, and lecture in the evening. On Tuesday, sections, and another *conversazione*. On Wednesday, the remaining papers in the sections and the concluding meeting, at which the results of the present meeting are given, grants of money for various scientific purposes announced, and votes of thanks passed to all who have contributed to the success and pleasure of the meeting. Thursday is devoted again to excursions, generally to greater distances than those of Saturday. Thus the meeting ends. The advantages of this Association are very great. The leaders of scientific thought and research meeting together, and communicating their views and discoveries, have done much for the advancement of science in the world. And for amateurs who take an interest in some department of science the attraction is also great, for they are sure to find there men able and willing to enlighten them on

their favourite subjects. And lastly, those altogether ignorant of science cannot fail to be benefited by coming into contact with richly-stored scientific minds. It is found that the coming of the Association into a town never fails to give an impetus to the study of science there. As an instance, the Montreal meeting has led directly to the founding of a Scholarship in the McGill University for the encouragement of the study of Applied Science.

On Saturday the chief excursions were to Ottawa and Quebec, and for tickets to both these places there were many applications. As I had already been to Quebec I chose the excursion to Ottawa. In ordinary years, at the home meetings, the excursion tickets are issued at reduced rates; but Canada outdid all other places I visited since 1869, by making them absolutely free. For this liberality, among much else of a similar kind, the six or seven hundred British members who visited Canada will have taken back to their homes a very pleasant recollection. A long special train started from the Bonaventure station a little after 8 o'clock. The country through which we passed was generally flat, and the crops in the fields looked light and poor. Stones and stumps abounded as usual in the open. Much land still covered with

forest. The saddest sight of the Canadian landscape to me was the forests that had been burnt on purpose. It was, indeed, a melancholy sight to see here, as in many other places, the charred branchless trunks of lofty trees projected against the clear sky in mournful desolation, and, at their roots, the underwood struggling to put on verdure anew. It seemed such a pity that noble trees could not have been put to a better use than to be burned as noxious weeds. The forests are at once the ornament and wealth of Canada, and I hope they will soon be better cared for and protected against this wanton waste. But probably the early settlers took quite another view. To them the very abundance of timber was a nuisance and a drug. It stood everywhere in their way. They called it lumber. "Lumber" is still the general name for timber, though of so much importance. The wood merchant is said to be engaged in the "Lumber Trade." I am not quite sure what is the precise meaning of the word "lumber" as understood by the Americans. One authority told me that the ornament of the forest was a *tree* while it was standing, *timber* when felled and squared, and *lumber* when sawn into planks; but another authority maintained that lumber is the general name for wood in every form. On our

way we saw also, as usual, abundance of water. After several stoppages, we were met by friends from Ottawa, who went through the train taking down the names of the passengers, and giving to each a printed address of welcome and a collection of photographic views of the chief buildings of their city. We reached Ottawa at 12 o'clock. At the station we were met by the local committee, and found a very large number of carriages to take the passengers, upwards of 200, into the town. We were taken to the Drill Hall by an unmetalled road, so softened by the rain that the wheels sank in the mud to such an extent as to bring the horses to a complete standstill before we had quite reached the hall. In the centre of this hall was a raised platform, on which appeared several of the most prominent citizens and members of the British Association. The mayor, who had returned unexpectedly from the West, supported by the Bishop of Ontario, read the address we had received in the train. After a reply, by two of the members, the company repaired to the Russell House Hotel, where a sumptuous lunch had been prepared. At this entertainment there was, as usual, an absence of all intoxicants. The American people have unquestionably carried the practice of temperance further than

we have yet done. As often happens on such occasions, the staff of waiters was unequal to the task, and one gentleman declared that while he could get plenty to eat on the table before him, he could, notwithstanding all his signs and demands, get not a single drop of liquid in the shape of soup, water, tea, or coffee. Less or more fortunate than the gentleman at one of the London Companies' dinners, who, having promised the waiter half-a-crown if he attended to him well, found under his chair about half-a-dozen bottles of the choicest wines. After lunch, the company dispersed in various directions. Many visited the public buildings. The Dominion Parliament House is a very fine structure of stone, partly from France. It is situated on an eminence overlooking the river Ottawa and the country to a great distance. The internal arrangements are very good, and there is a library, with a considerable collection of books. The bishop most courteously took an active part in showing the strangers about and explaining the various objects of interest. He had had a large share of the credit of bringing the British Association to Canada. He was going himself to the Rocky Mountains, or the "Rockies," as they are more familiarly called; and he wished many would take this interesting excursion

and see the great untouched prairie land that would one day be a rich and populous country. The Ottawa river is the boundary between the provinces of Quebec and Ontario. On the Ontario side is situated the great lumber town of Hull. The enormous quantity of sawn timber stacked in it presents a novel sight to the stranger. From the height on which the public buildings stand there is a good view of the celebrated Chaudière Falls. The otherwise beautiful river is here spoiled by the heaps of sawdust floating in long trails on the surface down from the extensive saw mills. On my mentioning this disfigurement to a gentleman of the place, he told me the nuisance had been long felt by the inhabitants. The accumulating dust was choking up the river, and sometimes in winter serious explosions are caused by the gases from the decomposing heaps, which break and throw up the ice with a noise like heavy artillery. Parliament had been considering the matter, but, as the lumberers had great political influence, no steps had been taken to compel them to dispose of their sawdust another way. My informant had no very high idea of the character and independence of the members of Parliament. The paying of members had an injurious effect on their *morale*. Many were of such poor stuff that they

could not earn the dollars allowed any other way. They were therefore venal and subservient. The same remark was afterwards often made to me of the Congressmen of the United States, of course, I know not with what amount of truth. We next proceeded to the lumber mills, and, hard by, the Chaudière Falls. These are of no great height, and are considerably diminished in volume by the abstraction of the water for the mills. The saw mills are a wonderful sight ; hundreds of saws, both upright and circular, driven by water power, were, with a deafening noise, running through the massive logs as if they had been cheese. Great logs were cut up at once into deals by a number of saws running parallel to each other. Men were fishing the logs in the river, down which they had been floated, and hauling them up to the saws. Others were carrying away the deals, piling them up in stacks or loading them on waggons for exportation. Most of this timber is sent to the United States. It appears that one mill company has the exclusive privilege of using the water of the river as a motive power ; although there was plenty of water to spare for the other mills they were not permitted to use it, but had to employ steam instead. A pretty instance of monopoly. The waste wood, outsides, &c., are sold

for fuel at a very cheap rate, a good cart-load costing only about 2s. in English money. The visitors were not allowed to see the very large match factory that is here, as two years ago it appeared some of the processes had been copied and stolen on the occasion of the visit of the American Scientific Association to Montreal. When the Canadian provinces were confederated into one dominion, Ottawa was made the capital and seat of Government. It was then but a small place, remarkable only for the beauty and advantage of its situation. On my inquiry of a courteous and patriotic official, How it was that so unimportant a place had had such an honour conferred upon it ? I received as an answer that "It was the choice of the Queen." The important cities of Canada —Quebec, Montreal, Toronto—had all sued for the distinction, but to prevent jealousy it was bestowed on Ottawa, whose humility had never permitted her to think of it. The honour has not been a barren one ; the place is now flourishing, with fine public and private buildings, streets, shops, gas, electric light, an excellent water supply, and a population of over 27,000. No wonder that the inhabitants are enthusiastic admirers of "the Queen." Here, as in Canada generally, Scotchmen were said to occupy the first

rank both in point of character and position. There is a considerable resemblance between the physical conditions of Canada and Scotland. The men that have battled successfully with the poor soil, watery, fickle climate of Scotland, bringing into the larger field of Canada their energy, frugality, shrewdness, and religion, soon make for themselves a foremost place and name. In the evening many of our kind entertainers accompanied us to the railway station, which we left amid their cordial good wishes, hearty cheers, and the enlivening strains of the volunteer band. "Auld Lang Syne" and "God save the Queen," with their tones of friendship and loyalty, gave us a pleasing good-bye.

In Montreal, the Sabbath is strictly observed by the Protestants at least; the settlers in Canada from the old country have brought with them their religion, and this, no doubt, is a potent factor in their prosperity. In Montreal, the various denominations of Protestants are well represented. I was particularly struck by the clusters of Protestant churches in the vicinity of Dominion Square. They are almost as close together as the stacks in a farmyard. *C'est le quartier des Eglises*, as Lombard Street or Wall Street is of banks. On the occasion of the British

Association's visits, celebrated preachers usually occupy the various pulpits. Great theological guns are often brought from a distance and fired off, with various report, sometimes in favour and sometimes in defiance of science and its hierophants. The same custom was observed in Montreal. Preachers were announced from New York, Boston, England, &c. My fortune took me to hear an English professor, with an accent of a country further North. The sermon was interesting and excellent, but had the fault of being three rolled into one. The second obliterating much of the first, and the third nearly the whole of the other two, besides damaging itself. The delivery of the whole occupied exactly one hour and thirteen minutes. On coming out I heard a gentleman remark that it was very good, but would never do for a constancy—a very equivocal praise. It is difficult for a man of talent, who sees a subject in all its magnitude and beauty, to stop till he has shown it to others, but by continuing too long he completely frustrates his purpose. Often here, as elsewhere, the half is greater than the whole. In the afternoon, curiosity took me to the Queen's Hall to hear the New York apostle of the "Ethical Society" hold forth and develop his system that was designed to supersede effete religion. The large hall was full of

admirers and of those who, like the Athenians of old, wished to hear what this Spermologos would say, for he seemed, like one of old, to be a setter forth of strange gods. And strange gods he did verily set forth, one called "Morality," and a higher mystical one named "Unity." These together were to renovate society. Modern society had got beyond the Old Law and Gospel. He had great reverence for the authors of the Decalogue and the Sermon on the Mount, but these were no longer abreast of the times. The moderns stood on the shoulders of those who had gone before them, and could thus see farther. And yet, to my mind, any particle of good that was to be found in the system shadowed forth was to be found in much finer setting in the decried Sermon on the Mount. It is possible to find people everywhere ready to take up with any rubbish if proclaimed with sufficient loudness and assurance. I pitied the poor souls who were feeling after the truth, if haply they might find it, and all the more as I felt certain they were on the wrong track.

CHAPTER IX.

NIAGARA—TORONTO—LAKE ONTARIO.

My next excursion was to be to Niagara, by way of Toronto. When I said to a Canadian doctor that I could not think of leaving Canada without seeing Niagara, his emphatic reply was, "O Lord, no!" That alone might have determined me, if I had been wavering. I went by Ottawa again, though by a different line—the Canadian Pacific, that had been recently opened. We had not proceeded far before our engine broke down, and we had to stop in the middle of a wood for more than an hour, till another was brought up. The distance from Montreal to Toronto by this line is said to be 320 miles. As the journey was nearly all made in daylight I had a good opportunity of seeing more of the Canadian landscape. There were the usual features of field and forest, the latter in many places predominating and sadly maimed by the fires of the lumberers. There was also to be seen the usual alternation of water. The fields were still studded with stumps and boulders.

Stately trees appeared thriving on the barren rock. Their roots find out the interstices, and there a hold and nourishment. We dined at Carleton Junction—twenty-five minutes allowed. In the province of Ontario the names of places denote the origin of their founders as British—as in Quebec, French—Rochester, Perth, Peterborough, London, Kingston, Hamilton, Tweed. The same system of borrowing names prevails also in the United States; only there the names of the whole world, ancient and modern, are laid under contribution. “I have often remarked,” says Thomas Carlyle, “that the present generation has lost the faculty of giving names. What talent is specially requisite for giving a name? A certain geniality of insight, whereby some real property of the thing reveals itself. We cannot now give so much as a nickname.” The farms of Ontario also more resemble those of Britain. The roads are better. Houses are scarcely visible anywhere except in hamlets. At Peterborough a man came into the car, and told me many things about his neighbourhood. He lived not far from what he called the celebrated Stony Lake. He was sure I must have heard of that, but I had not. It was renowned for its fish, and anglers came to it from far and near. In the forests around were still

deer, and wolves and bears, all of which were hunted and afforded excellent sport. The deer when hard pressed took to the water of the lakes, where they were shot. It was about eleven o'clock when we reached Toronto. The 320 miles had taken us more than fourteen hours. Slow work, and tiring. I was soon in the Queen's Hotel, under the tender care of sleepy black waiters, who said it was too late for anything by way of refreshment to be had, but we got something notwithstanding. After a short night's rest, which was much disturbed by a succession of unaccountable noises, I rose early, and, after a hasty breakfast, jumped into the hotel omnibus for the steamer "Chicora." I found her with steam up, ready to pass over Lake Ontario to Niagara village, or Lewistown, or whatever name it is called. The wharf where the steamer lay resembled a seaport. The water extended as far as the eye could reach. One might fancy himself on the coast of the sea. The great Canadian lakes are like seas. Michigan and Superior are swept by fierce storms, are the scenes of frequent shipwrecks in consequence; receive signals of danger from the Weather Office in Washington; and, if the Hibernianism may be allowed, the people on these lakes suffer much from sea-sickness. But this morning

there was nothing of the kind. The fair face of Ontario was without a wrinkle, and the morning sun made it shine like a sea of molten silver. Punctually at the hour advertised the "Chicora" starts with her freight of pleasure-seekers for the Falls of Niagara, and other places on the Niagara river. A delightful run of three hours, enlivened by the constant badinage of three charming young ladies, brought me to the Niagara village, where the river, not yet quite recovered from its mad leap at the Falls, enters the lake with a current that is sensibly visible. On landing I observed the whole wooden quay was covered with baskets of the most beautiful fruits—peaches, plums, grapes, pears, apples—covered with a red gauze against the flies and wasps; also large hampers of tomatoes, at sevenpence-halfpenny a peck. While admiring this collection of summer fruits, ready to be shipped to Toronto, I asked a man who stood near where this fine fruit came from—from the south as I supposed. He looked at me with surprise, and said, with marked emphasis, "All the fruit you see comes from a few miles around where you stand. Niagara is one of the finest fruit-growing countries in America. It is the garden of Canada." Afterwards I had a further proof of the truth of this

statement by seeing the gardens and orchards. The Niagara country, a rich, deep alluvial soil, produces fruits of all sorts in perfection. This fruit is sent to the large towns in the Dominion and elsewhere. While waiting for the train I walked by the side of the lake and watched men discharging a boatful of fish, which they called "lake herrings." From this village to the Falls is fourteen miles. The train at length comes, and after a further delay takes us through a flat country first to Clifton station, a very pleasant-looking place with fine shady drives, but passengers for the Falls are told to sit still. In a few minutes more we are at the Falls. Before the train stops, heads are out of the windows. A sight is caught of the American Fall as a wall of moving snow or alabaster, shaded by a canopy of silver spray. At first it seems a pretty harmless sight, to be viewed without wonder or awe. On getting out of the train the ear is assailed as well as the eye. There is a distant, continuous, solemn roar—the voice of many waters. A strange fascination seizes the mind. We are at once drawn nearer and nearer, descend the incline to the edge of the water, still eddying and boiling from its terrible fall, and at a loss, as it were, which way now to take. A gentle wind from the American side wafts the

spray as a fine-dropped rain upon us where we stand. At the ferry we find a man—not an American, not an Englishman, but, as he says with pride, a Canadian, a native of the Indian country. To a question, if it was safe to go across the rushing tide in his little boat? he says, Yes, he has gone over it hundreds of times, but does not care whether we go or not; it is nothing to him, we may please ourselves; he was only a servant at $10\frac{1}{2}$ dollars a week, and had to board himself. However, the attraction and spell still growing (all really great things do grow on one), we decide to cross with this somewhat surly Canadian Charon. We enter his boat; he seizes the oars, and, keeping near the side where the water is stillest, he pulls well up in the direction of the Fall. In mid-stream, where the current is strongest, the spray is falling more thickly than is pleasant, and a fellow-passenger puts up his umbrella in defence, but that catching the wind acts as an impeding sail, increasing the difficulty of the boatman, who requests the gentleman to put his umbrella down. After pulling vigorously against a very strong current for some time, he suddenly shifts his course and lets the current carry him down towards the landing-place, using his oars to steer. I asked him if wet weather made any

difference in the volume of water over the Falls. He smiled, as if pitying my ignorance, and said, "No, it is always the same." My very stupid question evidently brought to his recollection another which he said had been asked him lately, and he could hardly repeat it to us for laughing—"Did he think that that rock that reared its head above the surging waters had been brought there by ice?" On the American side the ascent from the water's edge to the cliff above is made by what is called the "Inclined Plane" Railway, at an apparent angle of 30 or 40 degrees. It is a double line, and there is a notice at the bottom to ring the bell when anyone wishes to go up and a train will be sent down for him. Having followed this direction I soon saw a train descending in response, and into it a companion and I entered and were soon drawn up by the stationary engine at the top. During the ascent we sat with our backs to the engine and our faces towards the river, by which arrangement we had a good view of the perilous-looking position in which we were placed. My companion asked what would become of us if the chain that drew us should happen to break? Our lives appeared to be suspended on a wire rope of half-an-inch or so in diameter; but there is often a much smaller distance than that between life

and death. We reached the top in safety, and were once more on Republican ground—the United States. We made at once for Prospect Point, close to the head of the American Fall. At the very edge of the cliff, over which the water rushes, there is only a low wall between the spectator and the headlong flood. One could touch the water before it takes its fearful plunge. From this point the spectacle is impressive in the extreme. The water is seen to hurry down, as an immense mass of dark greenish molten glass, with a force that gives the awful feeling of irresistibility. A moment afterwards the green, glassy, solid mass becomes like powdery snow, and falls with a sound, not indeed of celestial, but of subterranean thunder. He must be a dull prosaic man who remains insensible to such an entrancing scene. A strange feeling came over me to linger there. Again and again I started to go away, and went back, I knew not why. And when I finally got away I involuntarily turned round, time after time, to have another look. While standing on this point, the sun was shining brightly, and formed with the spray a splendid rainbow, with the fainter secondary one at a distance as if its shadow. This heightened the magnificence and magic of the scene. The river, before it reaches the Falls, is itself an

interesting sight as it pours along in its uneven rocky bed. Across it is a bridge which leads to Goat Island, also a favourite point for viewing the Falls. Many persons have been carried over the Falls. The following cases are given on the authority of the superintendent at these Falls. This gentleman had known about fifty cases of loss of life in this way. One was that of two young Germans who had been boating in the river above, and had been warned of the danger of approaching too near. But in vain. They kept on the next day venturing nearer and nearer, and were at last upset. One of them was hurled over the Falls at once, and nothing more was ever heard of him ; the other was stopped by a rock, to which he clung for more than a day and a night. The roar was too great for him to hear anything that was said from the bank, but information was given to him, in large letters, that relief would be sent him if he held on. But how that succour could be rendered was the question. News of his perilous situation spread far and wide, and thousands of persons hastened to the spot. It was seen by the glass that the water had actually carried away his trousers. At last a raft was made and let down the river to him by ropes. It reached him. He let go his hold of the rock, but

missed the raft—his hands apparently too numb or his strength too much exhausted, or perhaps too nervous. He was immediately after precipitated over the Falls. Another case was that of a woman and child who jumped into the water with the baby in her arms. She was caught by a man who seized her dress and dragged her out, still clasping the child. But, instead of feeling thankful for her deliverance, she said she would do it again as soon as she had the chance. She was therefore shut up, and refused for a long time to give any account of herself. At length it was discovered that she was the wife of a certain Congressman, and had been driven to the attempted suicide by jealousy. A third case was that of a man bent on suicide, but who, when he found himself in the water, cried out for help. He was rescued, but, once in safety, said that though his heart had failed him that time he would try it again.

In the neighbourhood of the American Fall are pleasant walks, and a considerable town called, according to the American custom, a city—Niagara Falls City. This term city is the favourite word in the country where everybody is a citizen—every collection of houses of any considerable extent is a city. Our common word town seems not to be used at all. There is nothing but villages, villes, or cities. In walking

round this city, stored with the wares usually found in places of resort where visitors abound, I observed for sale, in an Indian bazaar, weapons and clubs, and the real scalp of an Indian, duly labelled, and consisting of a triangular piece of skin with the coal-black hair quite a foot long still attached ; and not far off I saw, sitting at their work of sewing or knitting, some old Indian women and one young one, whose scalps may also one day become a saleable ornament of these stores. I returned to the Canadian side by the suspension, or rather Cantilever, bridge, as even the cabman had learned to call it, a very interesting structure, from which an excellent view is obtained both of the American and of the Canadian or Horse-Shoe Fall. The view, either from this point or from the balcony of the Clifton Hotel, is magnificent ; the water, descending in long white columns, looking "soft as carded wool," and the spray rising almost as high as the fall, form a picture that excites pleasure and admiration ; but at Prospect Point are the elements of the sublime—the sight of danger and the feeling of security. Once more on the Canadian side, I walked towards the Horse-Shoe Fall, attacked on all sides by the "hackmen" enticing me to go with them and see no end of fine things, among which the "Burning Spring" seemed to hold the chief place.

Throughout America these "hackmen" have the reputation of being the most extortionate of their race, and everywhere that race is noted for its propensity to cheat. While still on board the "Arizona" I was warned against these fellows, and it had been again and again predicted that if I went to Niagara I should be fleeced by them in spite of myself. One gentleman told me that he, with his mother and sister, had hired one of them a day or two before, with the prospect of having to pay about a dollar for the drive, but they had been allured from place to place till at last the fare amounted to thirty-six shillings English. Being well forewarned I resolutely falsified all sinister predictions, and I believe I have the somewhat singular merit of having visited and spent some time at Niagara without having been cheated by its bad-famed coachmen. I declined all their solicitations, and that was a sort of achievement. Their wiles and dodges are innumerable. Immediately on my arrival at the station I was accosted by two or three of these gentlemen. One gave me to understand that my visit had been expected—it was flattering to my pride to hear I was of so much importance—he had been commissioned to look out for me by three gentlemen from Yorkshire, and to take me the same delightful round he had taken them.

From the Falls I went along a pleasant road by the side of the rapid-running Niagara river to the railway bridge. Geologically considered, this river from the Falls is very interesting. The water of the Niagara river, between Lake Erie and the Falls, is in some places spread out to a breadth of three miles. When once over the Falls it is contracted into a narrow gorge, in one place not more than 200 yards in width from cliff to cliff. This deep gorge, for a distance of seven miles, has been hewn out of the solid rock by the slow but ceaseless action of the water in past ages, and the torrent is still continuing the work of excavation. This process of water wearing away the stone will eventually eat away the rock back to Lake Erie. The perpendicular height of the Falls is 165 feet. The depth of Lake Erie, as stated by an American geologist in Section C, at Montreal, is nowhere beyond 84 feet. If, therefore, the process of scooping out should continue till the gorge reaches Lake Erie, sixteen miles distant, that lake would be completely drained, even if the chasm, when it reaches the lake, should be only half of its present depth at the Falls. Authorities differ as to the rate at which the water is eating away the rock. Some put it as high as a yard a year, while Lyell estimates it at a foot. Even at the

quicker of these rates, the Niagara will have to keep roaring and pounding away for 28,160 years before it has drained Lake Erie and destroyed the shipping trade of Buffalo and Cleveland.

At the railway bridge, over the chasm, connecting the United States and Canada, the water begins to rush down with increased speed, getting more and more furious as it descends, fretting and fuming, and every now and then suddenly starting up as if in pain or fear that its course may be blocked up entirely. On reaching the worst place, or whirlpool, I said to some bystanders, "That is where Captain Webb lost his life." "No—committed suicide," instantly rejoined a young priest, as the more correct expression.

I determined to return from Niagara Falls Station to Toronto by way of Hamilton, at the head of Lake Ontario, and had another view of the Niagara peninsula. Here were the best land and the best farming I saw anywhere in Canada. Here also I observed, what is singular in America though so common at home, the process of manuring and draining of land. The face of the country was smoother, the stumps having been nearly all removed. At Toronto the Union Station is common to the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Pacific railways. Here I hoped to get a

berth in the Pullman sleeping cars, but the whole five available cars were out, and every berth already secured, mostly by telegraph, and some, as I afterwards learned, by speculators who sold them at a premium. There was no help for it; I must get what rest I could for the next fifteen hours in the ordinary seats. Once, while getting a few minutes sleep, I was awaked by the guard tickling my bootless soles in the manner of the chloroformists, in order that he might chip my ticket. I wished him in Jamaica. Punctuality seems no great merit of this line. We were timed to reach Ottawa at 4.57 a.m. and reached it at 6.50, and Montreal at 8.30 and reached it at 11.15. The blame was laid on an excursion train in front of us, and probably with justice, for at the station where we were to take breakfast we found all provisions just about consumed. I could not get so much as a cup of tea, and I had the pleasure of subsisting from 4.30 in the afternoon till noon next day on one bad orange and two Canadian apples. On this journey I was struck by the solitariness of the country. In the field scarcely a man or beast was seen, or bird in the forest. The country is waiting for inhabitants. Now and then I saw a man followed by the Scotch collie. This most sagacious and useful of all the canine race

has got a footing in Canada. I liked to see his meek and humble face, and the intelligence that shines from his big grey eyes. Sheep did not seem as numerous as cows. The horse is abundant in the inhabited places—a light, active, clean-boned animal. All these animals accompany man in his migrations, and, while ministering to his comfort and support, are no mean auxiliaries in his battle with rude nature. In many of the fields I observed the water was drawn from the wells, not by pumps, but by “swipes,” a contrivance mentioned by Herodotus. In the carriage was a railway contractor, who was returning from the Rocky Mountains, where he had been “railroading,” as he termed it. He had finished his section, and had done well with it; used a good deal of dynamite in blasting—dynamite not dangerous if carefully handled. He changed the man that had the charge of it every month, as men were careful at first but grew careless by use. On the whole he preferred powder. It was wonderful how nicely powder, if skilfully gauged, could just crack and loosen the rock without shattering and scattering it all about. Dynamite shattered and burnt the rock. This man was returning, with his wife and little children, to New Brunswick, and had already been travelling night and day for five days,

and it would still be two days more before he reached his home. The long cars are certainly best for these long journeys, for when the children grew tired sitting or lying, they got up, ran about, and played in the carriage.

CHAPTER X.

PHILADELPHIA.

At the concluding meeting of the British Association, the McGill University conferred its degree of LL.D. on a number of eminent members, and a long series of pleasant and genial speeches followed. The meeting was felt and declared by one and all to have been a most successful and interesting one. And now that the business is over, all think of taking leave of their kind entertainers. Some in one direction and some in another. But there are two grand divisions—one towards the west to the Rocky Mountains, the other southward to Philadelphia, where the American Association for the Advancement of Science was about to commence its sittings. Before leaving England I had accepted the invitation of this Association, and so prepared to go to the city of William Penn to see something of the United States and their foremost men. We who were going south were promised a special train that would take us all the way to Philadelphia without change of carriage. I had some days before

purchased my ticket at the Windsor Hotel. In the custom of selling tickets before the time of starting, and at other places besides the railway stations, the Americans have a decided superiority over the English. Instead of being obliged to elbow your way through an eager crowd and get out your money, even with the notice of "Beware of Pickpockets" staring you in the face, not to speak of the danger of running away without your ticket or change, how much better is it to go to some office or shop beforehand, at your convenience, and buy your ticket as you do your travelling-rug or umbrella? What matters it where you have bought your ticket, if you have the right one? At most only a slight commission to the seller. But that is just the obstacle. Dividends might suffer. Our train was to start at 8.0 o'clock, but it was 8.30 before the conductor uttered the usual cry, "All aboard, all aboard." In the seat behind me sat a Presbyterian clergyman from Philadelphia, and his brother from Indiana. They had been at our meeting at Montreal, as also many of the most eminent scientific men of the United States. It was felt that there was something very nice and neighbourly in this interchange of civilities and intercourse. With these gentlemen I naturally entered into con-

versation. I found they belonged to the Cameronian branch of Scotch Presbyterians, that race of noble men whose fidelity to conscience had bid defiance to all the fire and sword of persecuting bigots. While slavery existed as an institution in the United States, they had never sanctioned it even by admitting into their communion any possessor of slaves. They had always held that man had no right to buy and sell his fellow-man, and they had lived to see their views on this subject become the law of the land. They had been active shareholders in the "Underground Railway," that association formed to assist runaway slaves to escape to Canada. These friends would sometimes conceal in their houses runaway slaves for days, or disguise them and send them away by night by byways to other known friends. In this way many were safely conducted to a true land of liberty, from which they could not be delivered up to their brutal masters. But if they were caught, even in the non-slaveholding States, they had to be restored, and then were punished with torture, and even killed, as a warning to others. The ministers of religion were often the stoutest defenders of the slavery system, and justified it from Scripture. To what iniquities has not the sanction of Scripture been invoked ? One example of

dexterous exposition in this direction was given. A clergyman in the South—the denomination was not mentioned—chose for his text this verse of St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians: “Art thou called being a servant? care not for it: but if thou mayest be made free, use *it* rather.” The *it*, said the learned divine, was not in the original, and had been put in by the translators, but the scope of the passage clearly showed that this *it* referred to slavery! Albert Barnes, the commentator, was at first an abettor of slave-holding, from a mistaken view of Scripture teaching. A poor fugitive slave once applied to him for help to effect his escape, but he refused, and advised him to go back to his master as Onesimus had done. But the slave could not see it in that light. Barnes afterwards became a strong abolitionist, and used to say that he ever after bitterly repented his denial of succour to that poor hunted slave.

These gentlemen were not at all satisfied with the appearance of the Indian corn that we saw growing in the State of New York. Further south it does better, and sometimes grows to the height of a dozen feet or more. In Alabama it is said sometimes to attain to the height of sixteen feet. A gentleman was boasting of his fine crop of this grain, and said when walking

among it he could not reach the top with his hands. Another gentleman, hearing him, said he had a still more wonderful crop, for he could not reach the top when riding through it on horseback—because it was so short. Our train stopped for a short time at Saratoga for lunch, but, as the chief of the station commissariat had not expected such a train of hungry travellers, the supply both of refreshments and attendants was amusingly short. Many could get nothing unless they helped themselves, and with difficulty even then. I saw sundry learned professors, from celebrated British universities, resolutely struggling to supply their wants right behind the counter among bewildered serving-men and maids. We were all commanded to get “aboard” again long before the inward man had been satisfied, but two enterprising youths, who had heard of the unexpected demand, jumped into the train just as it was moving off with a large hamper of sandwiches, fruits, &c., and drove a lucrative trade. Our conductor said he had to leave us at Schenectady. This town is on the Mohawk, a tributary of the Hudson, but its name, like many others, was not particularly instructive to the stranger who heard it for the first time. When it was announced that we should proceed to Philadelphia

without change of carriage, many Montreal friends maintained that that was impossible, as we should have to cross the ferry at New York. On the way, however, we found we were not going by New York, but were to turn off at Troy and go by the Hudson West Shore line to Jersey City. At Kingston another halt was made for dinner, and I heard no more of hunger. The full moon in the east rendered the Hudson very beautiful as we ran down the west shore at nightfall, and the grand wavy contour of the mountains, relieved against the clear sky, added to the magnificence of the scene. It was now nearly 8.0 p.m., and we had been running nearly all day through the State of New York. This State contains upwards of 50,000 square miles, and is thus about as large as the forty counties of England.

At length we got into the State of New Jersey. At Jersey City, opposite New York, it was announced that we must change carriages after all. We found the Philadelphia train drawn up in another part of the station. We were soon all "aboard," and here began a severe ordeal, which lasted without intermission for seven days and nights. The day had been hot all along, but, as each seat in the carriage had a window, there was while the train was in motion a

pleasant current of air. But this Philadelphia train standing in the station gave us a stifling sensation the moment we entered, and for some reason or other did not start for an hour afterwards. Meanwhile all were tired, perspiring, and panting. The start came at length and improved matters a little. The journey is along a level plain, under a bright moon. On the way we receive from a deputation from the Philadelphia Committee lists of excursions prepared for our choice, and other information most patiently and kindly given. We reached Philadelphia at one o'clock in the morning, after a ride of seventeen hours. An omnibus takes some of us from the Broad Street station to the Hotel Lafayette in a couple of minutes, and charges each passenger a quarter dollar.

In a few moments after arrival I was in bed, but, though in need of sleep, slept none. The room was too like a baker's oven for that, besides there was the continuous vibration and rumble of a steam engine somewhere at work. A hot bath in the adjoining bath-room afforded me in the morning some refreshment. The porter brought up my luggage, and said he did not know what to do, there never had been so much in the house. In the dining-room I was asked which I intended going upon—the European or

American plan. By the American plan is meant the visitor pays so much a day for lodging, board, and attendance, all included. Under this plan he may eat what and as often as he likes, according to the bill of fare. By the European plan the visitor pays so much for his lodging and attendance, and eats *à la carte*. Wishing to do in Rome as Romans do, I always went on the American plan. This is the most convenient, and, unless one has often to be absent or dine out, the most economical. As soon as I sat down to breakfast there came to the same table a fellow-member, looking worn and miserable and full of the disagreeablenesses of his wanderings. Since in America he had been delayed here, got bad accommodation there, no berth at all somewhere else; had left friends behind dead, or at least dying. All these bad things but the product of yesterday's seventeen hours' hot ride. The state of our bodies affects all our surroundings. Everything looks yellow to the jaundiced eye. I met this same gentleman afterwards, when rested, and found his remarks and recollections were all of the pleasures of our lot.

I found Philadelphia a very interesting city. The celebrated Quaker, William Penn, Governor of New Jersey, planned it in 1681. The land was purchased

from the Indians, as much as a man could walk round in one day. The spot where the treaty was made was marked for many years by a fine elm tree, under whose shade the Indians and Penn met. This tree is said to have been blown down in 1810, and now a humble memorial, like an "overgrown milestone," denotes the place. This treaty is said to have been the only one never ratified by an oath, and the only one never broken. The city was incorporated in 1701, and chartered in 1789. With the exception of New York, it is the most populous city in America, containing at present nearly a million souls. It is situated on the strip of land between the Delaware and Schuylkill rivers, in a country that is generally flat. The chief streets cut one another at right angles, those running east and west have the names of trees, such as Chestnut, Walnut, Locust, Pine, &c., said to have been given by Penn himself; and those running north and south, numbers—No. 1, or Front Street, beginning at the Delaware. This intersection of streets divides the town into squares or blocks as they are called. A stranger is told such a place is so many blocks distant. The Philadelphians pride themselves on this arrangement of their streets, and say it is easy to find any place in the city. No doubt that is

so when it has been learned—what thing is not? I had, however, to become acquainted with the place just as with every other, by actual practice. A fellow-traveller once showed me the card that he had received of a gentleman as the designation of his residence. It bore the number 6331 of X Street. He was under the impression that that must be a gigantic street, containing at least between six and seven thousand houses. It simply meant, as was explained to me, house No. 31 of block 63. The blocks ought to contain 100 houses each, but as a matter of fact they seldom or never do. The site of Philadelphia is said to be 100 square miles; but of that space only about one-half is yet covered with buildings, though the place is rapidly increasing to the north and west. Broad Street is said to be fifteen miles long, as also some of the streets that intersect it. It does not accord with my plan to give an account of the architectural ornaments of this or any other city, but I cannot refrain from saying a word about the City Hall now in course of erection. This building, exclusive of the court yard, which is 200 feet square, covers $4\frac{1}{2}$ acres. The work began in 1871. It was to be completed in ten years at an estimated cost of 10,000,000 dollars. They have been working

at it now for 13 years, and it will take probably nearly as many more before it is finished. The cost already has been 20,000,000 dollars. The tower is to be surmounted by a statue of William Penn, 20 feet high, and the entire altitude, including the statue, will be 535 feet—fondly hoped to be the highest tower in the world. This gorgeous building is to be the seat of the various law courts and municipal authorities. It has been built partly of white American granite and partly of white American marble, and chiefly by English gold.



CHAPTER XI.

AMERICAN ASSOCIATION—PENNSYLVANIAN
COALFIELDS.

THE meetings of the American Association for the Advancement of Science began on the 4th of September, and concluded on the 11th. The Academy of Music, in Broad Street, was its headquarters; there and at the Horticultural Hall close by were found the various publications, and clerks for the registration of members, for travelling, inquiries; likewise post, telegraph, and telephone offices. Most of the clerks were women. In the United States generally, women are much employed as clerks, and especially as telegraphists. They are said to be more expert both at learning and manipulation than men. As soon as I got to the offices of the secretaries, I found the first thing necessary was to produce my credentials and register as a participating guest of the Association. As soon as this was done, I was shown into another room where young ladies were stationed to supply badges to denote membership. These badges con-

sisted of a metal plate with various scientific devices and monogram with 1884 at top and Philadelphia at bottom. To this plate was attached a scarlet ribbon to denote American members, and the same scarlet with a shorter piece of purple above it to mark the Britishers. On the ribbon was also stamped each member's number. With such marks of distinction fastened on the left breast, the members went everywhere about for the next seven days as marked men and women—"scientists," as the Americans delighted to call them. To my mind there was something too demonstrative in these distinctions, too much like certain little red ornaments seen in buttonholes in Paris, and little blue ones in England. But America being young, like young people in general, appears to have a predilection for such outward adornings; and in this instance it must be confessed that they were attended by this convenience, that they gained for the wearer ready admission everywhere without giving him the trouble of declaring himself or showing his card.

The American Association is modelled very much after the example of the British. The sections are nine—A, Mathematics; B, Physics; C, Chemistry; D, Mechanical Science; E, Geology; F, Biology; G, Histology and Microscopy; H, Anthropology;

I, Economic Science. The subjects took a wide range, and much enthusiasm and ability were shown in the treatment of many of them. The citizens of Philadelphia vied with each other to make the meeting successful, and in their most generous and kind attention and hospitality. The Philadelphians enjoy a high reputation throughout the States; and, according to my experience, they act to strangers in the spirit becoming the noble name of their city. This, with the great number of able men gathered together and the variety and excellence of their papers, would have rendered the Philadelphian meeting one of the most enjoyable scientific re-unions ever held had it not been for the extreme heat that reigned during the whole week the Association was in session. A maximum of 96 degrees in the shade was not favourable to exertion either of body or mind. To live and breathe was about as much as most felt inclined or able to do. The energies of the majority were sufficiently taxed by their endeavours to get an endurable coolness by the application of iced water within and a fan-made current of air without. Such a spell of hot weather had not visited Philadelphia for twenty-seven years, and the Americans were as much affected by it as the strangers. During my walks through the city I was painfully

struck by the worn and exhausted look of the people ; the men and women showed a paleness of death, and the poor babies, except the shining negro ones, seemed like dolls of white wax, or Parian marble. Numerous cases of sunstroke occurred, and some immediately fatal.

As it was not my intention to use guide books, for fear of encumbering my mind with more than I could well carry, so I equally avoided newspapers, partly for the same reason and partly for want of time. The few times I looked at the American papers, I was not impressed by their excellence. I think the English newspaper-press is the first in the world, with no good second. On the day of my arrival in Philadelphia I happened to look for a moment at a newspaper, and was amused at the expectation that the arrival of the British visitors aroused. Many inquiries, it was said, had been made as to the time of arrival of the foreigners ; further on, sundry persons of unmistakably British appearance were seen perambulating the streets. An important element of this British appearance was, no doubt, the robust rosy hue of face, so notably wanting among the native population. The cut of their coats, and especially of their hair, would be another. The fashion—I suppose Republican, almost

universal—is the same as prevailed among Cæsar's Britons, "*Omni parte corporis rasa praeter caput et labrum superius.*" The moustache and thin shaven lantern jaws distinguish at once the American from the British foreigner. This word foreigner is a favourite. The story is told of a scholar who, being asked by his teacher who was the first man, answered, "Washington." When the master told him he was wrong, and that the first man was Adam, he said he did not think he meant foreigners.

In the sections of the American Association women took a much more active part than they do in the British. The question of women's rights is being worked out in a much more thorough manner in America than with us. The women are everywhere coming to the front—in the industrial, educational, and medical line. Among the numerous invitations I received to visit public institutions was one to the Women's Medical College. This I fully intended to do, but was prevented by another engagement. An Irish friend of mine, however, was more fortunate, because more determined to see the ladies. He found the college possessed of all the accommodation, and equipped with all the appliances, of a high class medical school. "And," said he, "I was so much cap-

tivated with the lady doctors that I was nearly falling in love with two or three of them, and would surely have done so if I had stayed much longer." In the elementary schools nine-tenths of the teachers are women, and in offices and shops, as clerks and assistants, they are rapidly superseding the men. So much so that a lady said to me she believed the poor men would ere long be obliged to become domestic servants, as these menial offices the women had now all but abandoned. "It will end," said a despairing old bachelor, "by women managing public affairs and becoming Congressmen."

The President of the American, unlike his brother of the British Association who reads his address on entering office, gives his immediately before retiring from it. He resigned his place to his successor on the second evening of the meeting, when the invited guests had nearly all arrived. As a compliment to a foreigner, I had received an invitation to occupy a seat on the platform near the president. On asking a policeman by what door I could reach that place of distinction I was politely informed. But after he had left me a few steps he hastened up to me again and said, "Excuse me, sir"—the Philadelphians often use the word, sir, in their addresses, unlike the blunter

New Yorkers—"you have got your badge on the wrong side, it is always worn on the left." So saying he transferred this distinction from my right breast, on which I had carelessly placed it, to its proper side and then dismissed me *tout-à-fait en règle*. I could not but admire the delicacy here shown in this trifle. He did not wish the stranger to appear odd, and I honour him for his disinterested motive. The police of Philadelphia are a fine lot of men, well paid and fully trusted by the inhabitants. The police of New York do not enjoy so good a reputation. Some of them are suspected of acting in connivance or complicity with the criminal classes. In both cities the police are a well-developed body of men. In Chestnut Street I had daily occasion of observing the tall, stalwart forms of these guardians of the peace. While waiting for a car, at the corner of Fifth Street, I asked one of them where the corporation found such a fine set of men. He raised himself up, as if feeling the compliment, and said, From all parts. The authorities liked to get men of at least 6 feet. He himself was getting old, but had been 6 ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; some of his fellows were 6 ft. 2 in., 6 ft. 3 in., and one 6 ft. 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.; the shorter men were put on the districts—the less important streets. There is certainly an advantage in

having such powerful men as a terror to evil-doers. They would contrast strongly with the police of London, whose age, stature, and physique seem constantly diminishing. The American police carry revolvers. I was told of a New York policeman who had come out without his revolver, and, seeing a street *mélée*, had asked a bystander for the loan of his. The revolver was lent, the row quelled; the lender was informed against by the said policeman and fined eight dollars for the illegal carrying of arms, the policeman getting half of the fine as informer. There is something particularly demoralising in a people habitually breaking an existing law. By American law the carrying of a revolver is an offence, yet it is well known that nearly every man carries one, and often makes a very bad use of it. The women also are not quite ignorant of the use of that weapon. I sometimes wonder if the invention of gunpowder, dynamite, and revolvers has been on the whole a benefit to the human race.

The retiring president delivered his address in the Academy of Music, a fine building with double galleries extending round three sides of it. Notwithstanding the great heat, every seat in these galleries seemed to be occupied, and the serried rows rising one

above the other presented a curious spectacle to an unaccustomed eye. Every occupant of either sex was vigorously waving a fan. This gave the idea of a still denser crowd—a crowd of gigantic butterflies on the wing. The fan seems indispensable. It was one of the articles sold in the trains. On another occasion I went to the same hall, fanless of course, but no sooner did I sit down than a gentleman, a perfect stranger, pitying my destitution, handed me, not indeed his own fan, but a copy of *Science* to answer the same purpose. Though fully conscious that fanning is a feminine, if not an effeminate, exercise, I soon caught the infection and waved my *Science* as vigorously as my neighbours. On the conclusion of the address there was a sudden descent from the galleries to the floor, where the citizens of Philadelphia gave the strangers a reception. Introductions and conversations ended, the company repaired to an adjoining room where ample refreshments were prepared, but alcoholic liquors in no shape. The entire absence of all intoxicating drinks was a noticeable and pleasing feature of all public entertainments. Though the band, after refection, played dance music and several young couples were walking about arm-in-arm, as if wistfully desiring a dance, no one had the courage to begin.

Saturday, as in the case of the British Association, was devoted to short excursions, as they in American parlance were called, though the one which I chose—to the Pennsylvanian Coalfields—was 138½ miles out, but that is, of course, a short distance in America. There were other excursions to Long Branch and Atlantic City. On our way to the coalfields we skirted, for some distance, the Schuylkill (Skūlkīl), a slow-running shallow river, much polluted by mineral water and other causes, and yet it is from this river that the Philadelphia water supply is drawn. On a subsequent occasion I visited both pumping stations of the Philadelphia Waterworks, and was much struck by the dirty looking water raised into the reservoir to supply the city. The people seem to be, in some measure, awake to the nature of their present supply, and several schemes are under consideration to bring pure water from a distance. Below the intake of the waterworks the sewage of this great city is thrown into the Schuylkill bodily. The soil along the river-side was of a reddish colour, and looked very fertile and well cultivated. I was told much of the land of Pennsylvania was the finest in America. There were luxuriant crops of maize and rich pastures, with large herds of milk cows. The country was very pleasant to look at. An

old gentleman from Albany sat in the seat before me and complained that he had started on an unknown journey without maps or guide books ; but, as we progressed, our kind friends, walking through the train, put one piece of information in our hands after another till we were well furnished with maps, charts, and interesting information. After scouring the plain for a considerable time, we began to ascend, and after a run of 92 miles we reached Mount Carbon, 603₁ feet above sea-level. A mile more brought us to Palo Alto, 25 feet higher, where our train was divided, and heavier engines were put on each part, to draw us up the now steep incline to Broad Mountain. The average gradient of this incline was 178 feet per mile, and the maximum 183, or about 1 in 29. On the summit of Broad Mountain we had attained an elevation of 1,482 feet. To this height lunch had been dragged up by our provident hosts in Philadelphia, and was now spread out in the "Head House," under charge of a troop of black waiters. Waiting seems to be the speciality of the blacks all over the United States, as blanchissage is that of the Chinese. Perhaps it was the early start, perhaps the mountain air, but whatever the cause might be there was a tremendous rush made on this point, comparable

to a military engagement of the sharpest kind. The waiters were like to be torn to pieces under conflicting orders, and people were bolting food and drink as if they had not seen it for days. I tried to catch the eye and ear of waiters in vain; at last, one black fellow took pity on me and gave me sundry glasses of milk, which, with one roll, constituted my share of this "Head House" lunch. I soon retreated into the carriage out of the sun, and observed a thermometer there, in the shade, standing at 96 degrees, and at that height it stood for hours. From this point we were told the coal-fields extend more than twelve miles, and some of the beds contain from sixty to eighty feet of coal. This immensely rich coal region was first opened, in 1835, by the celebrated Stephen Girard. This is one of the noted names of Philadelphia men. Endless stories are still told of this shrewd, eccentric, benevolent millionaire, merchant, and mariner. He has left a deep impress on the city, and the magnificent Girard College for orphan boys—built with his money at a cost of 2,000,000 dollars, and standing in 41 acres of ground—will long perpetuate his memory. By his will, no clergyman of any denomination was allowed to enter this college for any purpose whatever.

From the summit of Broad Mountain there is an

inclined railway—with a maximum gradient of nearly 1 in 4—2,410 feet long. Down this incline we were let in detachments by a stationary engine. Up this incline 140 trucks are drawn in an hour, and as many as 2,600, with 15,800 tons of coal, have been raised in one day. We next proceeded by the Shenandoah line to Indian Bridge Colliery, through a district dreary and covered with mining *débris*. Down this mine, 310 feet deep, many of us descended in a cage, nine at a time, to inspect a working chamber that had been illuminated for the occasion by the electric light. This was called “The Mammoth Bed”—a seam of coal 50 feet thick, with only a few thin intercalated bars of shale. The mine was very free from gas, and blasting with gunpowder was usual and safe. I have gone into more particulars here than usual, as this coalfield is extremely interesting in itself and has contributed greatly to the business and prosperity of Philadelphia. The coal here is entirely of the anthracite or smokeless kind. Around Pittsburg, further to the west, it is bituminous, and largely worked.

On leaving the Indian Bridge, I observed a stream of water running between banks on which not a plant or particle of vegetation grew. It was the pumped-up water from the pits, and contained, I was informed,

twenty-five per cent. of sulphuric acid. This deadly stream, a veritable Phlegethon, finds its way into the Schuylkill, of which the people of Philadelphia drink. Their wise men tell them it is neutralised by coming into contact with some alkali from another source. They may take what comfort they can from this assurance, but if they are wise they will soon get a supply of water from an unpolluted source.

Mounted on coal waggons, with planks laid across for seats, and in three separate trains following each other at a few yards' distance, we next had a sort of triumphal procession, on an incline, round a delightful amphitheatre, and arrived at "Summit Hill." Here we took the cars of the Switchback Gravity Railway on our way to a place with the euphonious name of Mauch Chunk. This ride was the pleasantest I ever remember having. I had already travelled in trains in Cornwall, Ireland, and elsewhere that ran by gravitation, but this one had features peculiarly its own. The carriages, like the long American cars, seated about fifty persons. Each one ran separately under charge of a brakesman, who sat in front, in a sort of arm chair, with his hand on his regulating apparatus. I entered the first carriage, and as soon as it was filled some persons on the platform gave it a

hove, and off it went at a rapidly accelerating rate down the incline. The line was on the side of a mountain, wooded both above and below. At the bottom was a deep ravine, and a mountain rising on the other side with thick woods to the top. Down this road, with trees overhanging, we ran at a rate of something like twenty miles an hour. Whenever the speed threatened to become too great, our chairman applied his brake and checked the course. In this way we reached a halting-place, where carriages were waiting to convey such of the passengers as wished to the Mansion House, American, and other hotels. Some of our number went out there, the rest of us went on a little further, a small boy having helped to give us the initial impetus. At our next station we were supplied with a little book explaining verbally and pictorially the wonders of Mauch Chunk and the Switchback. Novel and wonderful they both assuredly are. Mauch Chunk, or Machk Tschunk, said to be the Indian for Bear Mountain, occupies a site on the Lehigh river, in a deep valley, at the confluence of glens that radiate from it in various directions. When it burst upon my sight I almost started with surprise; there was something weird about the spot, the counterpart of which I had never before seen, though

I had seen some of the best scenery in the British Isles and on the Continent, and a little of America. It certainly would lose nothing by comparison with any of the little Swiss towns that nestle so snugly at the roots, or hang so picturesquely on the slopes, of the mountains of Switzerland. On a journey between Munich and Vienna, I remember a gentleman once saying to me, "It would be a sin to pass Salzburg without seeing it." I should use almost as strong language to any visitor of Philadelphia who would go away without seeing Mauch Chunk. I felt sorry to leave it so soon, but the train was inexorable. So, after a hurried dinner at the American Hotel, we took our seats to accomplish the 89 miles that lay between us and Philadelphia. We reached Philadelphia about 11 p.m., having enjoyed a magnificent excursion, overflowing with gratitude to all our kind friends, who had done so much for our instruction and pleasure, and to the Philadelphia and Reading Railway Company, who had gratuitously put their trains at our disposal.

From the terminus I had to find my way by tram-car and "Dummy," as the traction-engine cars are called, to my "location" at Frankford. A fellow-passenger at this late hour was a Lancashire calico-printer returning from his work; he had been twenty-

one years in Philadelphia. The times there were bad for working-men, who in many cases were glad to get a dollar a day. If a man had a little money to begin with, America was the place to get on; but if he had none he ought to return without delay. America was a fine country, but it was "badly run." The electoral system was bad, and corruption was general. Ignorant men were put into office, of no more use than the fifth wheel of a coach. The successful party at an election dismissed the old servants and put their own party-men in their stead. Lately, on a change being made in the governing body in Philadelphia, the policemen had been dismissed, and for some nights the city was without its usual police force. The opinion of the venality of public men, from the highest to the lowest, and of their interest in their party rather than in the community at large is one I found very prevalent among all classes of the American people. No doubt it may be exaggerated, but probably there is a large amount of truth in it. The evil is more obvious than the remedy. It seems to be one inseparable from all popular governments, that men give to a part what is due to the whole. But yet the evil of despotism is much greater. The general diffusion of knowledge and a high standard of morality are requisite in a

Republic. In the United States the existing school system seems capable of producing the first, but how the latter is to be obtained as things now go is the question. An educated rogue is the worst of all rogues. It was past midnight before I reached my destination. The night was calm and clear, the air in the gardens and fields was laden with unwonted perfumes, and the grasshoppers, that abound in myriads, were making a noise that was perfectly deafening. Custom, however, renders the inhabitants quite insensible to this noise.

Around Philadelphia the garden plants were different from those of England. Gooseberries and currants, so common with us, are wanting there. But the catalpa tree, the brugmansia, and the castor-oil plant are common. In the open air I saw oranges, lemons, and pomegranates in fruit and flower, and doing well, though they have to be sheltered from the cold of winter. The Zoological Gardens are pretty and interesting. I made several visits to them. Tramways are in all the principal streets. The line is generally single—the outward journey being made by one street, and the homeward by another parallel to it. The fare, irrespective of distance, is six cents, or three-pence. The cars are never considered full. Though

the sitting accommodation is for only twenty I have seen forty or fifty in them, the central passage being crammed with standers steadyng themselves by leather straps hanging down from the roof. When I remarked to some of my friends that it was a pity to crowd the cars so, and that it would be much better when once they have their complement to refuse admission to any more, the answer was, "That would never do for Republicans." To either street or railway car I never saw a person refused admission for want of room. Everyone who comes enters, and if there is no seat vacant he stands till he finds one. By established custom, preference is given to ladies. If a lady, rich or poor, enters when all seats are occupied, a man or boy, if seated, at once jumps up and resigns to her his place. The English might copy this with advantage.

Along with others, I went by invitation to the Zoological Gardens to see a gentleman photograph animals and birds in motion. Pigeons, cranes, and other birds, with strings tied to their legs, were thrown up and photographed in flight. Extensive experiments were to be made by this gentleman, under the auspices of the Pennsylvanian University, on horses, dogs, and other animals, wild and tame, during their movements at different rates of speed;

also on marine animals, waterfowl, and fish, and on men and women in the act of performing their various duties. The whole was to be included in one large volume, at the subscription price of 100 dollars. After the experiments were over, I went to the Pennsylvanian University. This University's buildings were formerly within the city, but now they occupy an open space to the west, and are extensive and commodious. One of the professors, a Lutheran clergyman, showed us round the library, hall, and classrooms. The University is perfectly unsectarian ; there are no religious tests whatever for professors or students. The president is sometimes a clergyman, sometimes a layman. If a layman, he calls upon some clergyman to conduct the services of religion in the hall. There are faculties of arts, law, science, and medicine. Instruction is also given in music, finance, and political economy, dentistry, and veterinary surgery. In addition to the hospital for men there is one for horses. I was conducted over the hospital for human patients by one of the physicians, who, after asking the house-surgeon if there was any interesting case at the moment, directed my attention to one of sunstroke that had been received the day before. The patient, a bricklayer's labourer, had been brought

in prostrate, with a temperature of 109. He was immediately put into the ice-bath, and his temperature had thereby been reduced to 101. He was so far recovered as to be able to look about and take food, and the medical men had strong hopes that he would get over it. This ice-bath is the usual remedy in such cases. The patient is put into an ice-cold bath, ice is piled around him and on his head till his temperature is lowered. Should a reaction occur after he is removed he is put back again into the bath. Wonderful success has attended this remedy. They told me of a very bad case that had been admitted some time before. The doctor in charge of the case was so sure that it would terminate fatally that he came next morning prepared to give evidence at the inquest and found the patient taking his breakfast. Experiments had been made on six dogs, which had been purposely sunstruck and restored by this bath three several times; whereas six others struck in the same way, but without the bath, died the first time. These poor animals, by their vicarious suffering, have thus rendered a signal service to man. At the close of our inspection the professors and fellows entertained the guests at a sumptuous collation, distinguished by the usual absence of alcohol.

I usually attended the geological section, in which many interesting papers were read, chiefly on local and American geology. A curious paper, or rather oral address, was given by an Englishman, a Captain ——, who, notwithstanding the great heat, spoke vigorously under streams of perspiration, and with a face as red as a peony. He proved, to his own satisfaction as it appeared, that the merits of a canal over the Isthmus of Nicaragua were superior to those of M. Lesseps' canal at Panama. The Gulf of Mexico at that place was not suitable for shipping, owing to the want of wind; he had been becalmed there for eleven months. He appeared to have a great contempt for diplomacy, and called it a bugbear that might interfere with his Nicaragua scheme. "The Grand Old Man," he said, derisively, had declared the Treaty of Paris a dead letter; so might also be declared any treaties that stood in the way of his project. It was the fate of the United States to reach one day the Isthmus of Panama, and so they might as well proceed in that direction at once. Some of the Americans present applauded vigorously this honest, statesmanlike suggestion, rejoicing in the thought of extension of territory, but forgetting that their country already is far greater than they can occupy.

"Big," is their favourite word, and, not content with what it signifies, their constant aim is to become still bigger. The paper was supported by an admiral—an American—who read for some time a speech in a tone so low that scarcely anyone heard it. The president of the section, who had on the occasion resigned the chair in favour of an English gentleman, apparently losing patience, rose to order, saying that time was being wasted as nobody could hear. The admiral, taking a more central place, persevered with his reading some time longer, though I did not hear one complete sentence and do not remember a single thing except a confirmation of what had been said about the dead calms that prevail near the entrance of M. Lesseps' canal. At the close the usual thanks were awarded to the author of the paper, who, in his acknowledgment, extolled the excellence of the remarks of his supporter, and said that if they had been heard they would have been found very good. His friend had not the advantage of a stout pair of lungs, and had not had the practice in speaking that he himself had had about the House of Commons. He then, with charming audacity, proposed a vote of thanks to the admiral for his excellent remarks, that had tried so severely the

patience of the president, and he had the pleasure of seeing his proposal seconded and carried, with applause. This Nicaraguan canal seems to be still occupying the attention of the American people. President Arthur in his message delivered at Washington, December 1st, 1884, said that a treaty had been concluded with Nicaragua authorising the construction, by the United States, of a canal, a railway, and a telegraph line across Nicaragua from the Atlantic to the Pacific.* In the evening of the same day a lecture of a very different sort was given, in the Academy of Music, by an Irish professor, on the distance of the stars. This lecture was listened to with marked attention, and the abstruse nature of the subject was relieved by a jovial manner and occasional flashes of humour. After the lecture the company repaired to the Academy of Fine Arts, where a *conversazione* was held, attended by the wit and beauty of the city. Almost everywhere at such reunions there is a want of room. It is mostly a squeezing and elbowing one's way through a dense, perspiring crowd, where rational conversation is out of the question. No doubt this

* The scheme is now in abeyance, and will probably come to nothing.

arises from the amiable desire of local committees to afford gratification to as many as possible.

The American Association had organised also an excursion to the Rocky Mountains and Colorado, and one to the Yellowstone Park.* To both of these I was invited, but could not afford the time. On my way home I had an account of the Yellowstone Park. It is a square, whose side is 100 miles, containing rich and varied scenery, and, said my informant—a Cambridge Don—“The Geysers are wonderful.”

* The American Association have further deepened my sense of obligation to them by sending to me, in common, as I suppose, with their other guests, two handsome volumes containing the Proceedings of the Philadelphia Meeting. The British Association will doubtless recognise and reciprocate all the kindness and generosity of their American brethren, whenever these visit our shores to hold their annual meeting in London.

CHAPTER XII.

AROUND PHILADELPHIA

AFTER the meetings were at an end, I took a more leisurely survey of Philadelphia and the neighbourhood. I visited the works of a firm of engineers, who were largely employed in making engines for pumping water out of mines and air into them. They made many pumps for the mineral oil-wells. The temperature of many of the gold mines in California is so high that they could not be worked unless cool air was sent into them from above. Hence the necessity of powerful pumps. I had an opportunity of seeing both the water and air pumps at work. The latter were particularly interesting. When I put my hand near the orifice it was blown off like a feather. I was told of a workman who had been sitting at some distance on a bench, eating his dinner, when, for a joke, someone turned the hose on him. He was immediately blown off, without being able, for a moment, to know why. This pump is the invention of a Philadelphia

man, who is making his fortune from it. Necessity in America, is pre-eminently the mother of invention. Invention there has become almost a regular profession. The extensive employment of machinery, to perform operations that used to be done by hand, is said to be exercising an injurious effect on the intelligence of the workman. Having but one function to discharge, a man becomes almost a part of the machine he has to attend to, and thus loses the benefit that results from the necessity of adapting means to ends. I was told by the chief of this factory, that if he put an advertisement in the newspaper for a clerk at a moderate salary he would have, next morning, hundreds of answers; but if the advertisement was for a working mechanic able to draw his own plans, he would not get above one or two answers, and these not from Americans, but more probably from Englishmen or Germans. Till quite lately, America was behind in technical education.

I found the chief exchange houses in the streets near the Delaware. That is the quarter of the banks and money-changers. Their number was legion, and many of them had very fine buildings. Houses of white polished marble seem to be the rage. When in this quarter, I examined the wharves and shipping, and

crossed in one of the steam ferry-boats to Camden, in New Jersey. These ferry-boats run at short intervals, day and night, and the passage across the Delaware is made in a few minutes. Camden is not much of a town, as far as I could judge, the houses and shops being small and unimportant. The country around is flat and sandy. Fruit and vegetable growing is the common industry. New Jersey is celebrated for its peaches. That is the staple crop. America abounds in fruit. A stranger going along Front Street, Philadelphia, is struck by the profusion everywhere of fruits of all kinds. At the time of my visit peaches were fully in season, every store was full of them. Tomatoes also were ripe. The Americans eat enormous quantities of them, and say fondness for them is an acquired taste. The egg-plant is also a favourite. In the winter season there is a regular and very large trade carried on in imported fruits from the West Indies—oranges, pine-apples, and bananas. These latter, when for exportation, are gathered before fully ripe, that they may better stand the carriage. The fruit-dealer ripens them, as he says, after their arrival. But the experienced know that bananas are eaten in perfection only in the countries where they are allowed to ripen fully on the tree.

From Canada I brought an introduction to a clergyman, the secretary of one of the large religious societies. I found him a gentleman of large acquirements and scientific tastes. With that kindness for which the Americans are noted, he volunteered to be my conductor to various places of interest, taking me by the street cars, and not allowing me to pay the fare in a single instance. He was well supplied with the necessary tickets, as he was in the habit of buying a number of them at a time, and carrying them in his pocket, as we do postage stamps. We first went to the Franklin Institute, called after the celebrated Benjamin, of whom America in general, and Philadelphia in particular, are justly proud. This institute is an important educational centre for the diffusion of knowledge of mechanical and applied science. There is an excellent scientific library and museum. Among the apparatus are to be seen Franklin's electrical machines. Before leaving, I was shown by the professor the Phoneidescope—an instrument for rendering sounds visible to the eye. He gave me a letter of introduction to a gentleman who, on a subsequent evening, most kindly exhibited the same instrument at work, with the figures projected on a screen. The various forms assumed by different musical

notes and of different pitch were very curious and interesting.

As I had been asked to see the burial-place of some friends, I went to Cedar Hill Cemetery, in the neighbourhood of Frankford ; it overlooks the city. Many of the monuments are of an elaborate and expensive description ; they are mostly of marble, with the letters of the same material standing in relief and not cut in the stone as with us. A walk through a cemetery, even when every name is unknown, has at once an elevating and composing effect on the mind. Vaulting ambition might find a cure there, reminded of a higher life, or, at least, the end of this. Monuments are erected not for the dead, but the living ; they are for the solace of the bereaved—an attempt to retain for a little the memory of the lost. I was touched by the sight of two marble images of babies lying side by side, with the inscription—"Our Pets;" little children that had been carried away by the destroyer in the second and third year of their age. But the kind hearts that had loved them, wept for them, and reared this frail memorial to their name, had in their turn been carried off themselves, for the monument that had once been so much cared for was now neglected and overgrown with untrimmed plants

and weeds. On another expensive monument appeared an inscription, less grammatical than pious, "Thou seeth me." On another, over the grave of a man who had prided himself on his free-thought and written his own epitaph, was the garbled quotation, "To die, to sleep—no more." His thought was not free enough to add the rest, "To die, to sleep—to sleep! perchance to dream." At a little distance were two Jewish cemeteries, one for the poor and another for the rich. The monuments there were of a less expensive kind, and marked by a total absence of images, except in one solitary instance. This is the figure of a lady—fair, wasted—being carried by an angel—laid over the grave of a young wife. Images are not allowed in Jewish burial grounds, but how that one came to be erected or allowed to remain there I did not learn.

At the entrance of the Frankford Arsenal there was a notice forbidding any more applications for employment. I found that this was rendered necessary by the number of labourers that were constantly seeking work—rather a remarkable circumstance, I thought, for America. Having satisfied the sentry that work was not my object, I was allowed to enter. The grounds are large, but not neatly kept, even round the officers' quarters. The absence of neatly-

shaven carpety lawns, as in England, is everywhere felt in America. The general face of the country is rough and rugged ; even round gentlemen's houses and public parks one misses the trim green grass. A good many of the work-people were absent for a holiday. It appears that no great number at any time is employed in comparison with the size of the country. America does not keep a standing army in time of peace ; that luxury is reserved for countries that are blessed with civilised Christian neighbours. America is said to have in active service almost as many officers as men, if not more; and therefore the instruments and material of human slaughter are not required in such large quantities as in our European countries. In a large workshop I saw the making of cartridges, from the plain sheet of copper to the finished article—about thirty processes in all. Here, as elsewhere, the attendants of the machines were chiefly women. In other departments I watched the cutting, making, and charging of percussion caps, and the making of bullets from Spanish lead. Why Spanish I do not know. Bullet-making was said to be unhealthy, owing to the fumes. A man engaged in this hot and trying work being asked by a gentleman who knew him if he was not yet poisoned ? replied,

with the light-hearted gaiety of his nation, "It is not easy to poison an Irishman." In these grounds is a large building erected at great cost as a military store during the war with the South. It was never needed and is now comparatively useless, there being in it only some antique and worn-out implements. There was also a very good house in process of demolition, by the order of the commandant, as the children of a soldier who inhabited it had suffered from diphtheria. The soldier that showed us round said that what the house needed was not destruction, but simply cleaning. It had been the dirty habits of the people, and not the house, that had caused the diphtheria. I do not know what his superior officer would have said if he had heard that criticism, but probably it was just. The material manufactured in this arsenal is chiefly for the various garrisons of the United States.

One of the special attractions of Philadelphia, during the visit of the Scientific Association, was the Electrical Exhibition. I found this a very interesting place, not only for those who could appreciate the various machines and appliances exhibited, but also, in some degree, for the public in general. When fully lighted up in the evening, the large building was as light as day, and, as a mere spectacle, was imposing.

The noise, made by the various machines in motion, was stunning. Edison, whose portrait adorned his salon in the building, bore a large part in the exhibition, as did also the Weston system of the United States. Most of the exhibitors were from Philadelphia, some from New York, Chicago, and other American towns. I observed none from England. One of the stalls that seemed to attract special attention from the crowd was that for the artificial hatching of chickens—"The Perfect Hatcher." The bystanders were informed by a printed notice, that "At Cincinnati Exhibition, Sept. 1, will be seen the largest display of hatching and rearing chickens ever shown in the world. It will be magnificent and grand beyond all conception. 6,000 feet of space has been allowed for it." The Philadelphia exhibit was on a more modest scale, but even there, there were hundreds of eggs, in all stages of advancement, arranged in glass frames. These were kept at a temperature of 102. There was a good number of chickens out and feeding, for sale at a quarter-dollar each. Others were struggling out of the shell, whose efforts after freedom were watched with great interest by the liberty-loving people, and when some lucky fellow had, by his unaided exertions, achieved his complete deliverance and stood

fairly on his own legs, he was saluted by a round of hearty applause. When the man in charge was asked what his exhibition had to do with electricity, his ready answer was, "Why, the heat is kept up by electricity."

Philadelphia abounds in churches; there are said to be more than 500 in the city. They are of all denominations. I attended, on different occasions, two of them. In the sermons I observed some strange expressions, such as, "a very mixed up affair." One preacher declared that the minds of some people had gum in them in which what was learnt would stick, while those of others were putty, on which no lasting impression could be made. Another eloquent preacher, during the hot weather, chose for his text, "Thou shalt bring down the noise of strangers as the heat in a dry place, as the heat with the shadow of a cloud." He himself seemed to speak feelingly to a feeling people, and no wonder, for it was an afternoon service with a temperature over 90. After the service was over the preacher kindly offered me, in the vestry, a glass of iced-water. The refrigerator does duty in churches as well as in other places.

Philadelphia is also well supplied with schools. The public schools alone are said to number 450, attended by 100,000 children. There are, besides, many private

schools and institutions for secondary education. I was introduced to an eminent master of one of these, and spent a pleasant evening with him and his friend. American boys, he said, behave well to their teachers and parents if properly treated. To my remark, that boys were not competent judges of what proper treatment was, he made no answer, but looked as if that was a new and strange doctrine. He said American boys were forward and inquisitive, and, for that reason, many European schools would not receive them as boarders. He could not teach the Bible in his institution, as the pupils would ask questions about it that would be difficult and awkward to answer. He, in common with the city in general, was strongly in favour of Blaine's candidature, likewise all Pennsylvania; but New York was Democratic, and in favour of Cleveland. He thought, however, that Blaine would be successful. They were also in favour of Gladstone, and could not understand Englishmen opposing his enlightened and progressive policy.

I made several visits to Independence Hall, in Chestnut Street. In a new country like America everything that savours of age is highly prized. Americans have a great reverence for antiquity, and are therefore proud of Independence Hall, though its

architecture is in strong contrast with the more modern pretentious buildings. On the last occasion of my visit I had the company of a genuine and patriotic American. We had first to inscribe our names in the visitors' book; then we were entrusted with the key to enter the *penetralia* and ascend the tower. We were requested to lock the door after us, as it was necessary to know who was up. On the bell, which, with a clock, was presented by a citizen, July 4th, 1876, is an inscription from Leviticus xxv. 10:—"PROCLAIM LIBERTY THROUGHOUT ALL THE LAND UNTO ALL THE INHABITANTS THEREOF." The building was commenced in 1732, A. U. C. 50. A portrait of William Penn adorns the staircase, with the information that he was born in London, October 14th, 1644, and laid the foundation of liberty in 1682. We were also told in another place, by inscription, that Philadelphia became the keystone State of the Federal Union in 1789. In this hall also are many relics of the past, and portraits of the men who signed the Declaration of Independence and of the various presidents of the United States. Foremost among these is Washington. The triumphal arch under which he passed at Trenton, New Jersey, April 21st, 1789, is also here. Washington is the hero and demi-god of

the United States. In their cities he has suffered universal apotheosis; statues and memorials of him are everywhere. To his tomb at Mount Vernon pilgrimages are constantly made, the sarcophagus containing his remains is looked at with a feeling bordering on adoration, and the room in which he died has been pronounced "a veritable holy place." Washington was doubtless a noble man, and the veneration felt for his memory proceeds from a generous sentiment, but veneration for a mortal man has surely bounds beyond which it ought not to pass. The Mahometans' reverence for their founder is a grovelling superstition.

From this building of historical interest—"Noble," as an enthusiastic Irish lady who came next to me wrote in the visitors' book—I proceeded to another modern one, of commercial interest, the store of John Wannamaker. The ground plan of this establishment contains, according to the statement of its officials, seven acres of land, and there are three storeys. This may be called, with just title I believe, the largest shop in the world. There are about 3,000 persons employed in it. It contains the concentrated merchandise of a whole town. Excluding things perishable, it would be difficult to name an article ordinarily procurable

in a shop that may not be found there—from a pin to a piano, from a doll to a drawing-room, if not “from a needle to an anchor.” In one department are to be seen, fully furnished with all requisites, kitchens, bedrooms, dining-rooms, and salons, at a specified price as they stand. The establishment enjoys a high reputation for the genuineness of all that is sold in it, and for the liberal terms on which business is conducted. It seemed to be entirely a ready-money concern; and one of the most curious sights was the countless pneumatic tubes, converging, like the threads of the geometric spider, to a central bureau, with which the various salesmen and women were connected. By these tubes invoices and cash were despatched, and the receipted bills and change returned, with arrow-swift speed. As this “*grand magazin*” is perfectly public, it is, at certain hours, a favourite place of resort and ramble for others beside intending purchasers; but it is difficult for any lady with money in her pocket to leave the place without leaving some of it behind.

After having wandered for some time through this enormous business hive, I went a long cheap ride on the street cars to the Horticultural Gardens. Before entering them I had an opportunity of seeing the

site of the various buildings erected on the occasion of the American Centenary, in 1876. The temporary buildings have all been removed, but the places where they stood are still sufficiently visible ; and the *débris* lying scattered about, and the luxuriant weeds, give a feeling of ruin and desolation. The Centenary grounds contained 236 acres, and the chief building alone covered 20. The remaining space was occupied by other erections, and by avenues and paths. The Horticultural Hall and the Memorial Hall are the permanent records of the Centenary. The grounds of the former are very beautiful, and better kept than any I had seen in America. The flower beds are tastefully arranged, and, by their various colours, from a distance give the impression of the light and shade of a picture. Among the aquatic plants growing in a basin was an Egyptian lotus in bloom, which an artist was copying with admiration. In the hall itself, where a high temperature is maintained, was a fine collection of tropical plants, among them the banana in flower and fruit. The fernery was simply superb. The Memorial Hall is a handsome granite building, erected at the cost of a million-and-a-half of dollars. It is used as a sort of exhibition and museum. An immense picture of the battle and carnage of Gettys-

burg seemed to be an object of special attraction to the Americans. Ladies and gentlemen, with eye-glass and key, were eagerly endeavouring to master the details. In spite of all the expressed horror of war, it cannot be denied that it is still, to both men and women, a subject of absorbing interest; and, as Jean Paul says of grief, the greatest obstacle to its extinction is the pleasure men feel in indulging in it. These Centenary grounds are an extension of Fairmount Park, which, for extent, is superior to any city park in the world. It contains, in round numbers, 3,000 acres, has 36 miles of footwalks, and 30 miles of carriage drives. Its situation along the Schuylkill is also very fine. Of an afternoon and on Sundays it is the favourite airing-place of the carriage people, who stream to and fro, in equipages of all descriptions, at a speed almost equalling the "Derby." Rapidity of driving seems as much a characteristic of the American gentry as of the Dublin carmen themselves.

Returning one evening to the Hotel Lafayette I went into one of the sitting-rooms in front to rest, laying my umbrella, papers, and hat on an adjacent chair. When I rose up to go away I found my hat and papers had been removed from the chair to the floor and my umbrella gone. None of the servants

knew anything about it and, notwithstanding all inquiries, I saw it no more. On my telling some friends of my loss, they smiled and said that was nothing strange; I had myself to blame for letting my umbrella out of my hand in such a place; it was quite a common thing for people to walk off with such articles. I was here reminded of a story that an American gentleman told me at Ottawa, as to the advantage of advertising. A man having lost his umbrella pretty much in the same way as I had done mine, put an advertisement in the paper stating the fact, intimating that the person who took it was known, and adding that unless it was returned to his door by a certain day legal proceedings would be taken. On opening his door next morning he found nineteen umbrellas in the porch.

CHAPTER XIII.

W A S H I N G T O N .

I HAD occasion to visit Washington and I started from Frankford by an early train. The passengers were exclusively men going to their work at 6 o'clock. Many of them had even at that early hour a newspaper, which they were eagerly reading, and, as patriotic citizens, scanning in particular the Presidential election news. That coming event was everywhere casting its shadow before, agitating all minds and even paralysing business. These workmen wore, without exception, the moustache. They had nearly all disappeared at the different stations, before the train reached Broad Street. Shortly after leaving Philadelphia we skirted the Delaware, through a flat and somewhat marshy country. Wilmington, on the Delaware, is a considerable town. We crossed, on a sufficiently ricketty-looking bridge, the broad Susquehanna river, at the mouth of which is a second Havre-de-Grace. We then got into Maryland, which around Baltimore is much rougher-looking than Pennsylvania round Philadelphia.

I was much struck by the bad farming throughout this State. Two or three fields were given over to rampant weeds for every one where any attempt was made at cultivation. Even the fields that were under crop seemed badly farmed. I was told the proprietors had more land than they knew what to do with or could find labourers to work. They sometimes laboured one field and sometimes another, letting the rest lie waste, a prey to sporting ragweeds, golden rods, and rank, useless vegetation of any kind that chose to spring up. The chief crops I saw were Indian corn, tomatoes, and cabbages. Although it was maize harvest-time I saw very few people engaged in gathering it, and none but blacks, who seemed in no hurry. A great deal of Maryland is still jungle and woodland. It had a desert appearance, scarcely a man or beast to be seen for miles. Wood is still lumber here. Along the line large heaps of old sleepers were being burnt. There are two railways between Baltimore and Washington—the Baltimore and Potomac, in connection with the Pennsylvania line, and the Baltimore and Ohio line. I travelled to Washington by the former. In the waiting-room of the station at Washington President Garfield was shot. There is a small tablet there to his

memory. I was directed to the Ebbitt House as the best hotel. That house, the omnibus man said, was in the middle of the city, half-a-mile distant. I could walk, but might as well ride. Once in his omnibus, I soon found a great improvement in the streets of Washington over those of other American cities. They are of concrete, and the ride over them is as smooth and comfortable as along Cheapside. I mentioned this improvement to a Washington professor in the service of the Government, and he said, "Oh, but this concrete would never do for New York, as the traffic is too heavy." This opinion, which was the common one, is certainly wrong. For concrete stands in London, where the traffic is assuredly as heavy as in New York. The clerk at the hotel gave me the choice of rooms at $3\frac{1}{2}$ or 4 dollars a day. I told him he might give me which he liked. "Then," said he, "I will give you one at four dollars with four windows." A boon, no doubt, when the thermometer is over 90, provided the mosquitoes have not too much ingress. By the elevator I was in my room directly, where I was met by a black servant, who, with his customary reed brush, gave me from head to foot a much needed dusting. After a short delay I proceeded to the Weather Office, to which I had a letter

of introduction. After hunting about among streets, called prosaically enough by the letters of the alphabet or by simple numerals, I reached the place and was kindly shown over the whole, having my attention drawn to the various instruments and daily processes and operations, the stations on land, and observation at sea. The station is well supplied with the usual apparatus, self-registering barometers, thermometers, anemometers, rain-gauges, &c. An elaborate chart is issued daily. From 100 American and 7 Canadian stations—extending from 26 to 50 degrees north latitude, and from 60 to 123 degrees west longitude—daily reports are received of barometric pressure, temperature, dewpoint, rainfall, and other particulars. On the daily chart are marked the isobars or lines denoting equal pressure running through the country, temperature at 7 a.m., barometric pressure, direction and speed of wind, also various symbols to denote the state of the weather and sky, storm warnings, &c. This chart, published by the War Department, is a work of great labour and utility. In addition to the reports from land stations others are received from captains of vessels at sea. There is also given on the chart, in letter-press, an abstract of the weather for the previous twenty-four

hours, and forecasts for the day of publication. On the day of my visit these were as follows:—

WASHINGTON CITY, SEPTEMBER 16TH, 1884; 7 A.M.

SYNOPSIS FOR THE PAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

The barometer is highest in the Carolinas and in the North Pacific region and to west, north of Lake Huron. The area of low barometer in Northern Minnesota, yesterday, has moved eastward, and a severe storm has occurred in the lake region. The temperature has risen in New England, in the middle and south Atlantic States, and in the lower lakes and Ohio Valley. A considerable fall of temperature has occurred in the districts between the Rocky Mountains and Mississippi Valley. The winds have been southerly in New England, the middle Atlantic States and Ohio Valley, and the West Gulf States; westerly in the lake regions; north to west in the Upper Mississippi and Missouri Valleys; north to east in the South Atlantic and East Gulf States. The rivers have remained nearly stationary, except a rise of 17 inches at Lacrosse, and a fall of 29 inches at Nashville.

Indications.

For New England: partly cloudy weather and local showers, westerly winds, nearly stationary temperature.

For the Middle Atlantic States: fair in the southern part, partly cloudy weather and rain in the northern part, south west winds, stationary followed by lower temperature.

For the South Atlantic States: generally fair weather, variable winds, nearly stationary temperature.

For the East Gulf States: fair weather, north to east winds, nearly stationary temperature.

For the Gulf States warmer, fair weather, southerly winds.

For the Ohio Valley and Tennessee: partly cloudy weather and local rains, lower temperature, westerly winds.

For the Lower Lake Region: partly cloudy weather and local rains, westerly winds, lower temperature, higher barometer.

For the Upper Lake Region : generally fair weather, westerly winds, lower temperature, higher barometer.

For the Upper Mississippi Valley : fair weather, north to west winds the rivers will remain nearly stationary.

Cautionary signals continue at Mackinac City, Grand Haven, Milwaukee, Escanaba, Marquette and Duluth, and are ordered for Oswego, Rochester, Buffalo, Erie, Cleveland, Sandusky, Toledo, Detroit, Port Huron, and Alpena.

The weather forecasts, from the data supplied, are made by a man who is appointed for that purpose for one month. At the end of the month, his forecasts are compared with the actual results by another of the staff. It is found that, on an average, from 80 to 90 per cent. have been right ; success in some particulars more, in others less. I was informed that careful observations had been made concurrently on temperatures given by the Stevenson screen generally used by British meteorologists, and the larger screen with only single louvre boards used by the Americans. The results were said to be decidedly in favour of the American screen, and a hope was expressed that the subject of screens might be further considered by the Meteorological Society of England. It had also been found, from a series of observations recently made on the summit of Mount Washington, that small rain-gauges did not give accurate results in stormy weather. In the printing-office of the department I had an

opportunity of seeing the processes connected with the issue of the daily chart, and other publications. They were, at the moment, throwing off a series of storm charts for each month of the year, deduced from the observations that had been made for a number of years. In this, as in government offices generally, red-tapeism seemed to prevail. Certain additional publications of the department would have been given to me had not the chief, whose province it was to make the formal presentation, been at the time engaged. His subordinates could not do it without his permission, and as I could not wait I had to leave without them.

On leaving the Weather Department, I made for the White House, the official residence of the President. It is called the "White House" because, like many of the other public buildings of Washington, the marble of which it is built is white. On entering the grounds in front of the house, I observed their comparatively rough appearance and lots of leaves that were lying about; these, one or two men were endeavouring, with rakes and brooms, to remove, but their progress was not great. When I rang the bell, a tall black man answered, and told me the President was not at home, but somewhere at the sea-side, and that the place was for the time shut to the public. However, as I was a

foreigner, he would "accommodate" me as far as he could. I was then admitted. In the hall were the portraits of the various presidents; and my black friend directed my special attention to that of the Right Honourable John Bright, who, though not a president, was esteemed worthy of a place among the greatest of them. The State rooms were spacious and comfortable, but, as befits a Republic, without anything like regal luxury and magnificence. President Arthur is reported to have been simple and unassuming in his habits, and, after the death of Garfield, to have well discharged the duties of his high office.

I next called at the Mint, but was told by an old official that the hour for admission of strangers was past, for which he was very sorry, but if I would return the next morning I should be able to see over it and the work carried on there. All the "Greenbacks" of the United States were printed there, but the metal coinage was made at Philadelphia. My time obliged me to forego the pleasure of seeing the manufacture of these Greenback notes or bills, as they are called. These play a great *rôle* in the country, and, from their portability, are preferred to coin. They are for amounts of a dollar and upwards. Below the dollar, coin is used. The silver dollar is a clumsy mass,

almost like our crown piece. The other silver coins are the half-dollar, the quarter, and the dime, representing respectively, 50, 25, and 10 cents. The coins below these are of base metal, the 5-cent piece doing very much the same duty as our penny, though nominally equal to $2\frac{1}{2}$ d. The cent, or American halfpenny, has a general buying power of scarcely our farthing. I found the Mint, as many other public buildings, draped with black cloth for Treasury-Secretary Folger, who was said to have died of an illness brought on by vexation at having been defeated in an election contest.

Tramways are here, as in other cities, in all the principal streets. I took one of the cars running constantly, and constantly crammed, down the Pennsylvanian Avenue, in order to see the building that is the pride and glory of Washington, the Capitol, reputed the most magnificent building in the world. It consists chiefly of white marble, and occupies a commanding position in the centre of the city. It has beautiful gardens, with a profusion of statues and ornaments. At the time of my visit it was closed to the public and undergoing a cleaning process, in preparation for the approaching meeting of Congress. I continued my journey towards the Navy Yard, through

an exceedingly pleasant country. By my side, in the car, was a postman, clad in the usual bluish costume of Government servants called "Cadet grey." He said his work was comparatively light just then, but when Congress was sitting it was almost murder. I afforded great amusement to two American gentlemen, who heard me say to a boy, who climbed the car selling papers, that I would give him only the price printed on the paper. That price was three cents, but the boy wanted five. With us the hawkers of papers sell them at the published price, and receive a commission from the newspaper offices, but that is not the system in America. I know not whether the offices give a commission as well, but what is certain is, the purchasers are charged by the street vendors, and at stalls in hotels, a heavy addition to the published price. My claim to get a paper at that price was regarded as ridiculous. By means of the street cars I went over a good part of the city, and afterwards took a quiet walk to Washington's Monument, near the Potomac. That monument, after remaining long in an unfinished state, was in course of completion. I have since seen, by a telegraphic despatch, that the copestone was put upon it December 6, and that the formal celebration of the event was to be held on the anniversary of Washington's

birthday, February 22nd. The height of this monument is 550 feet—the highest erection in the world, surpassing, by 15 feet, the projected town hall tower of Philadelphia, and, by 70 feet, the great Pyramid of Egypt. Verily, a great nation is America. Soul-stirring must be the thought that its soil sustains a monument higher than any erection of the modern world, and, undoubtedly, overtopping the tower of Belus or of Babel itself. Under the shadow of this monument I talked with a negro who told me they were planting imported trees on the "White Piece" close by, so-called from belonging to the White House of the President. The piece had long lain in disorder, but "they were now fixing it."

The Ebbitt House I found a well-appointed and comfortable hotel. The black waiters, when not engaged in active serving, stood beside their guests and, with fan in hand, kept on cooling them and driving away the flies. Meals were, by printed notice, at fixed hours. Just at the minute when lunch ought to finish, a man came in and was told that lunch time was past. In a rage he shouted, "I am not a mendicant," rushed out to the manager, made his complaint, and carried his point to the confusion of the black servants. The bed of my four-windowed

room was furnished with mosquito curtains, which, on my entrance at night, I found closely drawn; I regarded this as a cautionary signal, and slipped into bed, deranging them as little as possible. And well it was I did so, for during the night I repeatedly heard the shrill note of wings quenched against the slender barricade, and I rose next morning unscathed. More fortunate than a friend, who told me he had been severely stung and still bore the marks on each side of his forehead as the sprouting horns of a young bull-calf. No sooner was I in bed than I became aware of a concert of instrumental and vocal music that was being held somewhere in the immediate neighbourhood. It continued, with various degrees of loudness, till some time in the morning, when my imperfect slumbers were completely broken by a furious explosion. Not sure but that it might be dynamite practice, I started up, and found it was only a grand display of fireworks, the finale, as I afterwards heard, of the benefit night of a favourite artiste in an adjoining music garden.

The president of one of the sections at Philadelphia was the Commissioner of Education of the United States. This gentleman very kindly recommended me to visit the Education Bureau when I went to

Washington. When I went to the Bureau I found the commissioner himself was at Saratoga, but his representative, to whom he had introduced me at Philadelphia, received me very courteously, gave me various publications and valuable information respecting the primary, secondary, and university education of the United States, together with lists of the most important educational institutions. Unfortunately, many of them were not in session, or only just commencing. He also gave me a letter of introduction to the Superintendent of Education of the District of Columbia. I called on this gentleman at the Franklin Schools, and was most politely and obligingly received and furnished with interesting information. The Franklin Schools, the most important if not the largest schools in the district, receive 1,000 children. The children are divided into eight divisions, or grades, as they are called. The first grade consists of those of six years, the commencing school age. In this grade they remain a year and then enter the second, where they remain also a year. After the second, the third, and so on through all the grades—a year in each.* Under the kind guidance of the superintendent, I visited each of these grades and was introduced to their various teachers, who in every instance but one

were women. The only male teacher I saw was in the grade for senior boys. In the first grade the children are taught the sound of the letters before their names, and to count by objects, such as beans or shells. Reading, writing, vocal music, drawing, and arithmetic, to which great importance is attached, are taught in this grade, and in all the others in an ascending scale ; also object lessons and the elements of science. Geography, which is also considered of great importance, is taught in every grade except the first ; and much attention is given to mapping, and modelling in clay and putty. I saw some very creditable models of the United States, made by pupils in these materials ; and some of the more artistically inclined had given greater reality to their models by representing the rivers by thin slips of glass, and the lakes by pieces somewhat resembling their shapes. The children were said to find pleasure in thus exercising their hands as well as their minds and eyes, and to remember much better the features of the countries they had thus fashioned. In the last four grades grammar is progressively taught, and in the last three history. In the eighth grade the pupil may remain two years, and here the elements of algebra are added. This system of graduated instruction, consecutively pursued for

eight or nine years, seems excellent, and is absolutely free. Such a system is surely a great boon to the people, and a sign and pledge of a great nation. Though the classes were but re-assembling after a vacation of ten or eleven weeks, the order was admirable, resulting from a long systematic course of training. Their manner of going up and down stairs, one party ascending on one side and another descending on the other, was as steady and orderly as that of a company of soldiers at drill or on parade. But what struck me most of all was the cleanliness and tidiness of the children and their dress. To my question, to what class do these children belong? the superintendent, smiling, answered, "That question has often been asked by your countrymen [mentioning the names of Mr. Forster and Sir Stafford Northcote]. They belong to all classes, and yet you cannot distinguish the children of the poor from the children of the rich." These children sit side by side, and receive exactly the same education. The children of all classes, except the criminal, are found in these schools, and one may judge thereby both of the general prosperity of the people and the elevating power of a good education. In consequence of the early and continued training, and the sympathy of numbers, the children know and

do their duty so well that punishment is scarcely ever required. This was the uniform testimony of all the teachers. In the highest class of girls I found some composition exercises. One of the girls gave me her exercise, done not by the pen but by her type-writing machine. I give it as a specimen of composition, and also on account of the subject, which is curious and historically true. It shows by what underhand wire-pulling important subjects are sometimes carried even in this land of liberty :—

“ REMOVAL OF U. S. CAPITAL.

“ HAMILTON PRESENTED TO CONGRESS HIS FAMOUS FINANCE BILL WHICH CONTAINED THREE POINTS. FIRST ; THAT CONGRESS ASSUME AND PAY ALL FOREIGN DEBTS, THIS WAS PASSED WITHOUT ANY OPPOSITION. SECOND ; THAT CONGRESS SHOULD ASSUME AND PAY ALL DOMESTIC DEBTS, THIS WAS PASSED, BUT WITH LITTLE OPPOSITION. THIRD ; THAT CONGRESS ASSUME AND PAY ALL STATE DEBTS CONTRACTED DURING THE REVOLUTION, THIS WAS PASSED, BUT WITH A GREAT DEAL OF OPPOSITION.

“ AFTER IT WAS PASSED TWO MEMBERS FROM THE REGION OF THE POTOMAC CAME INTO CONGRESS WHO WERE ANTI-FEDERALISTS AND IT WAS DECIDED TO RECONSIDER THE BILL.

"TO PASS IT THIS TIME HAMILTON WAS OBLIGED TO HAVE THESE TWO MEMBERS ON HIS SIDE TO HAVE A MAJORITY, SO HE AGREED WITH THESE TWO MEMBERS THAT IF THEY WOULD VOTE FOR HIS BILL ALL THE FEDERALISTS WOULD VOTE TO HAVE THE CAPITAL MOVED TO WASHINGTON CITY ON THE POTOMAC AFTER IT HAD BEEN TEN YEARS AT PHILADELPHIA.

"THE TWO NEW MEMBERS AGREED AND THE BILL WAS PASSED.

"LILIAN MARSHALL."

The girls in this class were much amused at my pronunciation of Pótomac, with the accent on *pot*, instead of Potómac, and of Niágara, instead of Niagára, as the Americans seem to pronounce them. I visited also the Normal School in one of the departments. This school consists of twenty-five advanced pupils, selected from the girls' schools of the district. These girls must not be less than eighteen years old, and remain one year under training. Their instruction is to qualify them for the profession of teacher. They have to undergo four examinations during the year, to test their proficiency, and their ultimate position is determined by the result of these examinations. I found some discontent expressed with the present system of paying female teachers. It appears that

when they do the very same work as men they are yet paid at a lower rate. This they thought unfair, and I fully agreed with them, and thought the system would be altered as soon as public attention is sufficiently drawn to it. Pupils who have passed through the eight years' course of the Elementary School may continue their education at the High School, which has a literary, a scientific, and a business department, and a three years' course. As this school had scarcely got into working order, and the head master was absent, it was not thought advisable that I should visit it. Such of the pupils as distinguish themselves and show ability and inclination, in the High School, are sent to complete their education at the universities, in which the United States abound. The greatness of the American nation is nowhere better shown, or more certainly assured, than in the ample provision that is there made for the education of the young. Power is needed to subdue so great a country and make it yield up its wealth, and for this purpose there is no greater power than knowledge generally diffused. I was recommended to visit the Deaf and Dumb College at Kendall Green. I found the students just assembling after the holidays, and, unfortunately, had not an opportunity of seeing them at work. But I was shown

over the building, and saw some of the students amusing themselves at gymnastics. A new student from Ireland had just arrived. He had been for some time, in the Asylum for the Dumb at Margate, and when, by writing, he learned that I was from that neighbourhood he rushed forward and shook me warmly by the hand. He told me he had come to finish his education there, as there was no other institution where men were carried so high. This institution was incorporated in 1857, and is liberally supported by Congress, primarily for the deaf mutes of the District of Columbia. The course of study embraces the subjects usually taught in a college. Languages, ancient and modern, mathematics, natural and mental science, history, philosophy, and political economy. This experiment on the intellectual capacity of those unfortunate creatures, denied the blessings of hearing and ordinary speech, has proved singularly successful and interesting. Many of the students have taken the degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts, which the college has the right to confer, and are now filling important stations in life, as editors, teachers, &c. A former student, notwithstanding his want of hearing and speech, is at present one of the ablest and most trusted lawyers practising in the Supreme Court at Washington, he acting as the solicitor and his brother as his orator

One student of great promise, who died before his course at college was finished, wrote to his sister, a fortnight before his death, the following touching words: "It will take away half the bitterness of death to have been allowed to learn something; to have obtained one glimpse across the hills and valleys far away into the promised land of perfect knowledge, perfect love, perfect purity, where men no longer see through a glass darkly; for such I take to be the true result of study." President Garfield took a great interest in this institution as a friend and visitor; and his bust, erected by the contributions of the deaf and dumb throughout the United States, adorns the building. The good a man does lives after him, and his name.

Washington is the most beautiful of the American cities that I visited. It is artistically laid out in avenues, called after the names of the various States, most of which radiate from the Capitol as the centre, and by streets cutting one another at right angles, —those running east and west being called by the letters of the alphabet, and those north and south by numbers, beginning in each direction at the Capitol. The city is not governed by a corporation, but by three commissioners appointed by the President of

the United States. The region in which it is situated is called the District of Columbia. This district—"D. C." as it is with American brevity designated—consists of a square whose side is ten miles, and was taken from the States of Maryland and Virginia. All the public buildings are in the part taken from Maryland, and the part taken from Virginia was given back to that State by Congress, in 1846. The district was surveyed and defined in 1791, so that the city is not 100 years old, and yet it contains at present an estimated population of 120,000, and the whole district 175,000. As it is rapidly increasing every year, it will soon be one of the large cities of America. Already it is a place of great interest and wealth, and would well repay a visit much longer than I was able to make. All along I had to be content with a very cursory view. If I had taken the advice of American friends, and visited a tithe of the interesting places they recommended, I should have been there now and perhaps for the rest of my life. I spent but two days in Washington.

CHAPTER XIV.

BALTIMORE.

LEAVING this pleasant city with regret I went by the Baltimore and Ohio Railway to Baltimore. The distance is 42 miles. It was by the "45 minute train," reckoned the fastest in America. A lady and gentleman on the seat behind me were speaking in praise of its speed and punctuality. My curiosity being excited I pulled out my watch and waited for the advertised moment of starting. Precisely at the minute it started, and soon attained its full speed. The speed was equal to that of our best lines to the north or west. The journey from station to station was done in exactly 45 minutes—the train had quite sustained its reputation—but the ride was not comfortable, most probably owing to the imperfection of the rails and sleepers; the oscillation at some points was so great that we had to hold on by the seats to keep our erect position, and I thought several times we should be fairly over. And wherever the swinging was most the noise was loudest, no doubt the result of increased

friction. If anything had broken, the consequences must have been terrible. I predicted to a fellow-passenger an accident one day, and he said he did not doubt it. Railway accidents in America are of too frequent occurrence, and from their disastrous consequences may fairly be claimed also as the greatest in the world. The speed of American trains is in general not nearly so great as that of our best lines, and the single "track" is the rule. At the Baltimore station there were the usual hotel omnibuses—one labelled the "Barnum Hotel." I asked a gentleman if that belonged to the celebrated showman, and he answered, "I guess not"—about the only proper use of the word "guess" I had heard since I had been in America, though I am not sure it was used even then in the proper sense. I took up my quarters in the "Maltby House," which I found sufficiently comfortable, old fashioned, and doing, as a gentleman remarked, "a big trade."

Baltimore, the capital of Maryland, is a city of about 500,000 inhabitants. It is situated at the head of Chesapeake Bay, and has extensive shipping. Its inhabitants are said to be "slow, but sure;" not engaging in wild speculations like many other American cities, and avoiding thereby their gigantic

smashes and failures. Baltimore was a stronghold of slavery while that institution existed. The black or "coloured" population amounts to many thousands. The hard work here seems still to be done by that race, and by another hardly more fortunate, who have in the world more than their share of the hardest toil, the poor Irish. These abound in Baltimore, chiefly because it is a seaport, and possibly also because it brings back a name well-known in their beloved fatherland, from which they have been expatriated by hard fortune and poverty. As the Germans bring with them, wherever they go, Lager Beer, so the Irish bring their whisky. Near the quays in Baltimore, the whisky shops, with their strong odour, are as numerous as in Belfast or Cork. A great many of the rich planters of the south live in the best parts and neighbourhood of Baltimore. They are said to be remarkable for their pride and exclusiveness, and still to bear a grudge against their northern fellow citizens for the destruction of their favourite institution of slavery. In the hotel, "Sam," the head, and several of the other waiters had been born, and served in their youth as slaves before they had become freed men. Many who were born slaves still remain and serve in the families in which they were born, just as they had

done when slaves, and would consider it a great hardship to be forced to leave them. "If," said a lady, who lives in the neighbourhood of Baltimore, "I put out my servants by the front door as free, they would immediately come in to serve me again by the back." While walking about in the evening I observed suppers being served on stalls in the streets, very cheap, as was said. I saw several blacks busy with knife and fork at fried fish and potatoes. Asked to join, I was obliged to decline. I had put into my hand a bill of a theatrical performance, on which, among other attractions, it was stated to be "the coolest place in the city." Surely a wonderful theatre. During the night, in my mosquito-curtained bed, I was awakened by the loud ringing of a great town bell, and for the next hour I was kept awake by the headlong rattle of one fire-engine after another hastening to a fire that had broken out in the neighbourhood. Fires are almost of nightly occurrence, and, many of the tenements being of wood, are sometimes very destructive. The fire-extinguishing service of Baltimore is said to be very efficient, on the principle, I suppose, that practice makes perfect. At the various stations the horses are kept ready harnessed, and so well are these animals accustomed

to their work, and apparently so interested in it, that as soon as the alarm of fire is given they rush off with the engine at full gallop, without stimulus, the steam being got up meanwhile. Next morning I took a walk along the quays and was amused to see the names of places for which steamers were to start—Richmond, Norfolk, Oxford, and Cambridge. In the shops were endless piles of water melons, the small ones five and the large ones ten cents each. There were some funny signs; one, a painted glass of beer foaming over, and underneath the notice, “5,000 men wanted to unload schooners; capital, five cents.” I took a ride in a street car right through the heart of the town, from one end to the other. To the question of the conductor—where I wanted to go, I answered, “with you,” which seemed to puzzle him for a moment; but when he understood my drift he answered, “All right, sir,” and, being thus constituted my guide, he took pleasure in directing my attention to the most notable things on his route. Among the printed notices in the inside of the car was the following, “In deference to the ladies, gentlemen are requested not to spit on the floor,” suggestive of gallantry and something else. In the Electrical Exhibition at Philadelphia, I observed also the notice

stuck up, "Please do not spit on the floor." The Americans in times past have often been blamed for the disgusting habit of spitting; but I did not see much of it, and it is evident from such notices that it is now revolting to public opinion, and being put down. The French, reputed so polite a nation, are, as far as my experience goes, much more addicted to the habit than the Americans. Loaded trucks—"freight waggons," as they are called—drawn along the streets by eight horses tandem, from the ships to the railway, are a common sight in Baltimore, though curious to a stranger. I observed also a flour-waggon drawn by a team of six horses two deep, the driver riding on a saddle, with stirrups, on one of the shaft horses, and with long whip keeping his leaders to their work through the crowded streets. A gentleman from Yorkshire, the brother of a well-known public man in England—who spends most of his time in America looking after his investments—was living in the hotel, and wished to show me the most interesting sights of the city, especially the beautiful park in the outskirts on which much money had been lavished; but my time not permitting I was obliged to decline his civility.

In the afternoon I took the train, and had a dusty

ride back to Philadelphia. On my arrival I had an opportunity of seeing a military funeral—of an officer who had distinguished himself in the Mexican war. A force of police four deep led the procession, then a band of music playing, next a body of soldiers with their officers, then the hearse with the coffin visible, after it more soldiers, and in the rear numerous carriages. There were also side pedestrian processions of the curious, keeping pace with the main procession in the centre. America not keeping a standing army in time of peace, military displays when they occur have all the more interest and attraction. The people seem to have a fondness for processions. Once, on returning to my lodgings, I came upon a stream of persons, dressed out, marching six deep on the foot-paths of both sides of the street. I was carried along with the tide, and after proceeding with the multitude for a mile or two I took my own direction. On asking a policeman what was the object of the procession in which I had involuntarily taken a part, I learned it was for the purpose of "raising a banner" in favour of the candidature of Blaine.

CHAPTER XV.

H O M E W A R D W A Y .

AFTER a fortnight's sojourn in the South, I returned to New York, ninety-eight miles from Philadelphia. I had a good view of the country, which is flat and sandy, well adapted for fruit-growing. The railway cuttings gave good sections, showing the alluvial nature of the soil. At Trenton are large pottery and brick works. Much of the land is waste, covered with weeds and woods. Jersey City and Newark are populous and busy places. Evidence everywhere of the impending election—advertisements of "Political Banners and Campaign Goods." The ferry-boat of the Pennsylvanian Railway took me across the North River to New York. An "express" took my trunk and self to Pier 38, where the "Arizona" was being loaded with flour and apples in barrels, apparently enough to sink the ship. It is astonishing to a landsman what a bulk these vessels can receive. The steerage passengers and their effects were being collected on the pier, under the superintendence of an officer of the ship.

Small merchants at the entrance were offering for sale the outfit recommended for steerage passengers. Having deposited my luggage in my berth, I made for the city once more, and was directed to Wall street by the street car as far as Cortland Street. Nearly the whole way our course was impeded, and frequently stopped altogether, by a plethora of loaded vehicles, of all descriptions, conveying goods to the various steamers about to start on the morrow. I duly found my way to Broadway, and thence to Wall Street, where I got rid of my American notes for English sovereigns. *At the Fifth Avenue Hotel I took dinner, which, without wine, cost two dollars, and afterwards looked over a file of the *Times* containing accounts of Gladstone's Midlothian campaign, of which, owing to my voluntary isolation from all newspapers for the last six weeks, I had heard nothing. On my way to the steamer I passed through a crowd watching a man and woman dancing and cutting capers, in a state of partial nudity, in a projecting bay window open and brilliantly lighted. A gentleman sitting beside me could give me no information on this exhibition; but he told me he was a native of Liverpool though now resident in New York, which he liked much better, as with brains alone a man could make money there,

which he could not do in Liverpool. On returning to the ship I found the loading still going on, and was respectfully accosted by a man who said he had had the pleasure of cleaning my boots on the outward voyage. I remembered that, for want of smaller change, I had given him for his services a dollar-piece, and I suppose that is what impressed my image on his memory. I was recognised also by one of the quartermasters, an active, intelligent man, who, having a holiday the week the British Association met at Southport, spent it by attending the meetings as an associate ; and not many took more interest in the proceedings than this humble seaman. As night wore on the passengers came aboard and sought out their various sleeping places. This time there were only fifty-five cabin passengers, mostly English, returning like myself from seeing more or less of America. They all appeared in soberer mood than on the outward voyage. The buoyant hope of seeing new scenes had given place to a longing for home. Several were anxious to know if all was as well there as when they left, and some, alas, afterwards found that sad changes had taken place. There being many vacant berths on board, I hoped I might have had one to myself ; but no, another was put into the narrow cell, just as if the

vessel had had her full complement—I do not understand why. The company would certainly be no losers in the end by a little liberality in this direction. The occupant of the upper berth in my stateroom was a Spaniard, from Valencia, of the mature age of seventeen, though a man in appearance of three or four-and-twenty. He had been three or four months in America, chiefly on business in connection with mineral oil, of which his father was a refiner. He had learned a little English during his American sojourn, but our medium of communication was a sort of French of not the purest Parisian. As on the outward voyage, we two did not encumber the scanty standing room at the same time, the youth not coming in till long after I was in bed and not rising till long after I was out.

Our ship started from New York punctually at 5 o'clock a.m. As there had been a great deal of noise overhead all night I had not much sleep and was awake when she began to move, but I did not go on deck till we were past Sandy Hook. On deck, about 8 o'clock, I found fine weather, and our ship was running smoothly at fully 17 knots an hour. At noon we had run 84 nautical miles, as shown by the passengers' chart. After breakfast my Spanish com-

panion got me to assist him in buying from the steward some cigars—six, I believe, for 50 cents—and he smoked four of them the next three hours. Smoking in general seems to me a detestable habit, but in boys it is absolutely disgusting, and I regretted I had helped the little scamp to indulge in it, and in the end he had still more cause himself. There was also a Spanish young lady on board, with a large and very loquacious parrot which spoke very good Spanish, but his vocabulary was not of the politest kind. He gave, during the voyage, much amusement by his human-like screaming and chattering, and especially by his impatient scolding fits. With these two my berth-fellow had frequent conversations. Sometimes also, during the nightly tossings of the ship, he would strike up a conversation with me below in praise of his *fiancée*, Orlandino Nicols, a girl of 18, very pretty, as he said; and by way of proof he handed me down her photograph which, however, the feeble electric light of our room did not enable me to see. His own mother had been married at 18, had had 16 children, and lost of them 12 by death—the eldest, a girl of 19, having been drowned while bathing. What tales of sorrow family histories unfold!

Sunday morning broke fine. A notice was put up

that Divine service would be held in the cabin at 11.30. At 11.15 the church-going bell commenced to tinkle. At the appointed time a number of passengers, chiefly men, assembled. The captain acted as chaplain, though several clergymen were on board, wishing no doubt to avoid the invidious task of making a choice. The service opened with the hymn (*Ancient and Modern*), "Eternal Father, strong to save, Whose arm hath bound the restless wave"—the piano leading. The Church service was read very well, with a strong but reverent voice, unlike much of the perfunctory professional reading frequently heard, running on with the noisy rapidity of machinery wanting both feeling and oil. At the close a collection was made for the Sailors' Hospital, Liverpool. When I went upstairs I asked a friend why he, a member of the Church of England, did not go down to worship? His answer was, he knew all the Church service by heart, and therefore did not think it worth while. He would have gone down if there had been a sermon or an address of any kind. This is characteristic of the English people in general. They cannot be satisfied with mere forms. I did not learn whether any service was held in the steerage, where the passengers formed a numerous and motley company, many being quite

young children. On our present eastern passage from noon to noon was only $23\frac{1}{2}$ hours, and in that time the ship had passed over 369 miles. On our second day out the only sail we saw was an American timber ship, a sailing vessel. We caught sight of her at a considerable distance, and, as she was going with a fair wind in the same direction as ourselves, it was a long time before we caught her up. When we were abreast of her she was no great distance off. We could see her crew walking about and eyeing us as we passed. We gradually left her behind, heaving on the lonely ocean. To the unaccustomed there is something touching in losing sight of a solitary wanderer on the awful deep as night begins to fall, but to mariners it is a matter of course; they think no more of it than the coachman does of the waggon he passes on the road.

As the voyage progressed I began to make the acquaintance of some of my fellow-passengers—with others I never changed words all the way. Next me at table sat a Cambridge honour man, who told me the most celebrated tutor at Cambridge refused to coach any but the very ablest men, and to that circumstance he chiefly owes his fame; also of a celebrated Brooklyn preacher, who, on the previous Sunday, had

begun his sermon by the startling words, "This is a —— hot day," and then proceeded with a sermon against swearing, and to say that such was the remark of a young man, which he had heard as he entered the church. He had thus at once the advantage of swearing, if any, and the credit of reproving it. Opposite me sat an old Welsh lady, whose husband was a prosperous smith and wheelwright in Michigan. She had left Wales many years ago, and was going to see there some surviving friends, and stop a year with them if she did not get tired before the end of it. There was a fine tall old Irish gentleman, who was conspicuous on board by the fine walking-stick, with an ornamental massive gold head, which he always carried about with him on deck. This I threatened to steal, which threat procured for me its history and much else. He had been spending four months with his three sons in Philadelphia. One of them had gone out there some years ago, and in six months after his arrival had married a wife, with a fortune of £7,000. He then engaged in shoemaking, in which he prospered, and has now a factory with more than 400 hands, who earn each on an average three dollars a day. He was proud of his well-doing sons, who had presented him, as a token of affection, this splendid gold-headed

staff, with his name elegantly engraved. He had a daughter in a nunnery in France, in her novitiate, who in two years time would, he hoped, return to some convent in Ireland. He complained bitterly of the Protestant gentry fomenting animosity between the Orange-men and Catholics—no doubt an ex parte statement. Next to the Welsh lady sat another lady, no longer quite a girl, a farmer in Michigan. Her father had been dead some years, and she had inherited his land and carried on successfully the farming business. Her forte was finance. She invested her gains in safe mortgages at 10 per cent. Her freehold houses in Chicago paid her 7 per cent. She had a brother, who left America two days before her. He had formerly been in South Africa at the diamond fields, had done well, and sent over 37,000 dollars for her to invest for him. This she did well. She was cautious, made inquiries, and advanced money only on real estate. Her advice to young men was to go to the West, be in no hurry to invest their money, but look about till they found something good. Many made the mistake of investing too rapidly. She was going to spend some months of winter in England. Another passenger was a public man of London, formerly a student of De Morgan, at University College, London, who related an

abortive attempt of two aspiring youths to introduce into that seat of learning caps and gowns. He knew a great deal more than ordinary people ; considered the Bible an unsuitable book to put into the hands of children, and many of its stories highly immoral ; advocated the teaching of science, and especially physiology ; was altogether opposed to pauperising the people in the east-end of London by giving them material help. There were such misery and wretchedness now in the world because of the interference that was being made with the operation of Dame Nature. Pestilence, famine, and war were her grand specifics to check over-population, and now, by sanitary measures, charity, teaching, preaching, and general philanthropy, men were doing what they could to frustrate the said Dame Nature in her beneficent checks. The consequence was, people were multiplying too fast, and crushing one another again out of existence. Hence the squalor, poverty, and suffering. I had the temerity, in presence of this knowing man, to suggest that the proper and worthier checks of nature lay in education, prudence, and self-control, and that these would more likely lead to the amelioration of the world than pestilence, famine, and war ; but I am afraid my observation was despised, for he gave no answer, but

began immediately to talk of the London water supply and sewage. Another gentleman, an ex-M.P., told me of a visit he had recently paid to friend in Manitoba. This friend, formerly in a good position in the city of London, had by misfortune been compelled to seek a new home in the West, taking with him his wife and two sons. The father and sons had got the usual free grant of 160 acres of land each, or 480 acres together, and had bought an additional quantity to make up the 640 acres or square mile. They had been only one year there, and yet had got 50 acres under crop. They had two bullock teams and a pony and chaise. The sons, gentlemen in England, worked there as labourers, ploughing and carting with the bullocks, and one of them had met the visitor at the station and driven him home seven miles in the bullock waggon. They had erected a comfortable wooden house, which they had painted within and without, and were living—if not with all the luxuries of civilised life, yet, what is a great deal better to a generous mind—in independence. Among our cabin passengers were two little girls. The one between three and four years old made herself at home with everybody. She had been a great traveller and so had become quite a child of the world. She was under the protection of her aunt, who gave me some

particulars of her history. The aunt lived with her father in Liverpool. This was the child of her brother who lived in California. She had taken care of the child for some years in Liverpool, and, at her brother's request, had taken her to him in California. The child's mother was of German extraction, and did not like the bother of children. Though she had not seen her child for some years, and it had been brought all the way from England to her, she did not take much interest in it. This the child was not long in perceiving, and declared she would not stay with her mother but return with her aunt. The mother offered no opposition, and the little traveller, after having crossed the Atlantic and the American continent, visited California, Oregon, Dakota, and I know not how many other places, was now on her way back to England to live there with her aunt better than a parent. The people in California it appeared made much money, but in general spent it just as fast, with damage to themselves and their better nature. We had a specimen of the men of that region on board, a gentleman setting out to make, for the first time, the tour of the British Isles and of the Continent. He appeared to be very flush of money, greatly afflicted by thirst, and to take, as a gentleman frequently remarked, "too many cocktails."

Occasionally I took a walk among the steerage passengers. Many of them seemed very poor, and I wondered what was making them leave America. I had heard that the American authorities sometimes sent paupers straight back to the country whence they came, and I thought some such persons might be among these poor-looking passengers. But, as far as I could learn, there were none; most were going on a visit to see friends. The low fare, £4 each, presented no great difficulty; and in winter some industries cease. I talked with a family, consisting of father, mother, and four children—the youngest 13 months. They were Swedes, and going to spend half-a-year with their friends in the south of Sweden. They were all having their breakfast on deck—beef, potatoes, rice, and tea. The rice and milk, forming a pulp, was in a dish on a raised part of the deck. One of the elder boys—exceedingly restless, as healthy boys under such circumstances, cribbed, cabined, and confined, are sure to be—after threatening to fall down the hatchway and receiving sundry tumbles elsewhere, ended by getting up where the rice was and putting his foot into the pulp, which covered his boot and a good part of his leg, sticking to both like glue. The poor mother was forced first to take off the disfigured boot,

then to give the delinquent a box on the ear, and ended by saying to me, that if she had known what trouble the children would give her on such a voyage she would have stopped at home. The pair had been in America 15 years. The husband was a mason, earned three dollars a day, sometimes five, and had in the season plenty of work. His home was in Illinois, a much better place, he said, than the east of America. I found another man, originally from Ireland, who had been in Massachusetts for 30 years, and was going to Wexford to see his mother, aged 90, before she died. His father had been dead 40 years. He was taking her a present from himself and one from his son, who had never seen her. There is something touching in such evidences of filial affection, which poverty, and toil, and distance, and time cannot extinguish. It may be imagined with what feelings the old widow saw her son and received the presents from him and her grandson. This man was a shoemaker, had formerly earned three dollars a day, but hand labour had been so much cut up by machinery that he now earned only two. He thought the misery of Ireland did not spring from over-population, as it had formerly supported eight millions of people and now there were only five. He had been told that the misery was

caused by bad government, and because the best land was in the hands of absentee landlords. I talked with a man from Lancashire, who had gone to America six months before, without his family, seeking work. He had worked in a woollen factory in New England, but the stock in the country was so great that the operatives worked only three days a week and received only a dollar a day. He could do better at home, as out of his slender wages he had to pay 15 dollars a month for board and lodging. He had only as much money as would carry him home, but, though penniless, he was sure his wife and children would be glad to see him. Another man was returning home for a similar reason. He was a cooper, had been formerly engaged in Guinness's Brewery, Dublin. When in America he earned 15 dollars a month, and could not get "study" work even at that—could earn as much in Ireland, where living was far cheaper. I found also in the steerage a family who had been a year in London, Ontario, now going back to Yorkshire, not liking Canada; the husband was a clerk. This is another instance of what I had often heard—that the pen is not the instrument to earn one's bread with in America. It is the axe, hammer, pick, spade, or shovel, that moneyless immigrants should be able to

after leaving New York the weather was fine and the sea smooth, but on the fourth day, when over the banks of Newfoundland, the sky clouded over and it rained more or less all day. The wind gradually rose, and for the next two days it blew a strong gale and the sun was not once seen. The barometer had fallen during the past two days, from 30.60 to 29.45. Seasickness now became general. Not one of the ladies appeared in the saloon. As the wind was blowing hard on our beam, the ship rolled much from side to side, rendering walking difficult without the assistance of the life-line. At meals the tables were furnished with shallow, manger-like receptacles fastened to them, in which our plates, &c., were put to keep them from either rolling away from us or falling on our lap. Notwithstanding this contrivance, our tea or water was often upset, and things on the middle of the table were sometimes, when the lurch was unusually great, rolled completely off and scattered on the floor; dishes of oranges or apples would be seen rolling along like cricket balls, and the stewards scrambling and picking them up as if in the act of fielding. The sight of the ocean was grand. To my mind it threw into the shade the admired Niagara Falls, dwarfing them into insignificance. I

might be serious. When we consider the present keen competition and rage for quick passages we cannot but feel that there is a great temptation to run at too great speed in fogs or in the neighbourhood of ships or icebergs, not to speak of the damage that may be done to the machinery by excessive strain.

When the sun shone in the morning or at noon the latitude and longitude were taken, and the run calculated therefrom, but when the sky was all day overcast the distance run had to be arrived at by "dead reckoning"—*i.e.*, by calculation founded on direction of course, rate of speed as determined from time to time by the log, and the time. The result can, of course, be only approximately correct, though on a course so well known as the one we were on by a captain that had passed over it more than 550 times, as ours had done, the error must be very trifling. The revolutions made by the engine are also an element in determining the distance, though not an absolutely reliable one, as appears from the answer reported to have been given on one occasion by the chief engineer of an American steamer. This Scotchman, having been asked how the voyage was getting on, is said to have answered thus:—"I dinna ken whar they are up by, but doun here we hae been in New York three days sin." For three days

success, as, instead of the pillows, he had employed a hard-stuffed carpet bag. The continued rough weather distressed considerably all who were not good sailors. The second of the little girls I referred to a little while ago suffered a good deal, and one evening was fretful and crying. Children find friends and sympathy everywhere, and a kind gentleman took the little crying girl out of her mother's arms to give her a carry on the deck; the wind had somewhat abated, and the ship rolled less constantly, but no sooner had the gentleman commenced to walk than she gave a tremendous lurch and threw both him and the child against the side. The mother naturally shrieked, and we thought the child was overboard; but, with great presence of mind, the gentleman threw himself flat down on the deck, holding the little one safe in his arms. He returned her immediately to the mother, feeling, no doubt, that the deck of a ship in a heavy sea liable to slope like the roof of a house is not a safe place for such a promenade. The storm was evidently equinoctial, though some meteorologists deny the existence of such storms; because they do not happen everywhere on the very day. After dark, while the wind was raging, we saw what was said to be the "America" on her outward way to New York. Her

lights, luridly gleaming through the darkness, produced a strange effect on the mind, combined with the thought of her facing a head wind and raging sea in such a dark and stormy night. Landsmen, in their comfortable homes, little think of those ocean-wanderers, and of the hands and heads busy all night long speeding them on their course.

An ocean steamship is a microcosm. On it are often concentrated the most diverse characters. An observant man must there see strange faces, and stranger still would be their histories if they could be known. Their moving springs are pleasure, business, or crime. I heard some strange stories of lovers, elopers, courtesans, debtors, murderers meeting there with the innocent, pure, and good. On the previous voyage of our ship a rich noodle of New York, smitten by the charms of another man's wife, had gone to England under a false name to meet his paramour, but receiving a telegram on his arrival at Queenstown, that the coast was not clear and dangers ahead, he proceeded no further, but took the next ship for America, having had, as was meet, only his journey for his pains. Among our passengers was a commercial traveller in the woollen goods line, who went to America four times a year. Trade there was duller

than it had been ever known since 1877. He carried constantly a revolver, as hotel robberies were of constant occurrence by false keys and bolt-drawing. A friend of his, at Cincinnati, had lately been robbed in the night of 500 dollars, though he had secured his door both by lock and bolt. The criminal classes of New York were far worse than those of London—the worst, he believed, in the world. We had also a party of backwood hunters on board, who discoursed of explosives and shell-bullets. An American gentleman said the grizzly bear was very hard to kill by the ordinary bullets, and was very dangerous when slightly wounded, as he then turned furiously on his assailant and could run for a while as fast as a horse. A tree he had found sometimes the only means of escape.

The storm continued to blow during the sixth and seventh days of our voyage. On the eighth it moderated, and, in the course of the morning the sun appearing, gave the captain an opportunity of taking an observation. The distance accomplished during the two preceding days was found by dead reckoning, and may have been greater or less than the space actually passed over. What is certain is, that during the last three days we had run 1,125 miles. Off the Irish

coast the fog-horn was sounded to call the attention of those in the light-house to our arrival, that it might be signalled to Queenstown for the tender to be ready to meet us when we should get there. We now, in fair weather, steamed along the southern coast of Ireland, getting a good view of the high but shorn cliffs up which the sea, not yet at rest, was sending its surges as white sheets, which seemed to cling to the rocks as if loath to come down. We passed the light-houses standing on the verge of this weather-beaten coast—the Cow and Calf Rocks, Kinsale—and finally reached the entrance of Queenstown Harbour 7 days, 5 hours, and 38 minutes from Sandy Hook.

Just as we arrived at Queenstown we saw the “Austral” leaving for Liverpool. Though starting an hour later she had got there a few minutes before us, which filled us with a secret chagrin. The barber, however, the one official who was not tongue-tied, gave us some consolation by saying that the “Arizona” had beaten the “Austral” sixteen times, and had been beaten by her only twice. Moreover, the “Austral” could do nothing in a head wind, while the “Arizona” did not mind it in the least. Had not the wind been where it was she would have beaten her again. Our tender, the “Lord Bandon,” came out to meet us, bring-

ing a few passengers. The mails, the luggage, and then some passengers were put aboard of her with all possible haste. When this was done, the cry was raised, "Where is that man—— he always keeps us waiting ?" A shout of impatience for the missing man, some sort of official who had to visit the ship, was again and again repeated in the course of half a minute. The unlucky wight at length appeared from the hinder part of the ship, and he was bundled down the gangway with such headlong speed that he could not stop himself till he dashed against the far side of the tender. After this speedy despatch, the tender was immediately loosed, and off we set again, with all speed, in pursuit of the "Austral." The tender had brought some Dublin newspapers, that were eagerly bought at 6d. each, and also a batch of letters that were seized with avidity. Some of these brought good news and the promise of a near and joyous welcome; others news of a very different character. One gentleman, who had been very happy and jolly during the voyage, received, from his aged mother, intelligence of the death and burial of his brother, whom he had left, a few weeks before, in perfect health.

We sailed along the Irish coast. Night came on, and the moon shone gloriously on the water of St.

George's Channel, where we met the outward-bound Cunard ship. When I entered my berth, I found the Spanish youngling in anxiety about money matters. He had left New York with a supply sufficient, as he supposed, to take him to Liverpool. But, on cigars and other luxuries of the steward's bar, he had spent so much that he had not enough left to give the usual gratuity to his two stewards. And, to make matters worse, he had forgotten the address of his father's banker in Liverpool. What was he to do? I found he remembered the address of his London banker and advised him to telegraph there. This he said he would do and ask for the remittance of £50 to take him to Valencia, with suitable presents for his mother and his Orlandino. All night long there was a great noise overhead, and little sleep below in consequence of that and the heat. I was on deck before six. We were going up the Channel at a rapid rate, with a fair wind and all sails set. We had suffered a short detention, to let pass the Holyhead mail packet that was crossing our track. A ship was seen before us, supposed to be our rival the "Austral," and a batch of young men confidently affirmed that we were catching her up, because, as they alleged, the wind that was hurrying us so nicely along had not yet reached her.

But the expectation founded on this ingenious theory was doomed to disappointment. The vessel we were catching, and did catch up, proved to be not the "Austral" but a heavy laden, slow-going, steam barge.

One reason of the haste that was being made was to get over the bar before the ebbing tide rendered that impracticable, and it was feared that we might be detained there and perhaps sent off by the tender. But fortune favoured us. The bar was safely crossed, and soon after we were in the vicinity of the Liverpool wonderful docks. The passengers and their belongings are speedily transferred to the tender. We jump ashore, *magno telluris amore*, and just as the last of our passengers reached the custom-house the "Austral's" passengers reached the landing-stage. We had got ashore first after all. The two crews mixed on the landing-stage, exchanged salutations and inquiries. They had got past us, said they, because their captain had taken a slightly shorter course; but our captain, they admitted, had a reputation that put him at the very head of his profession. The custom-house examination was soon performed. Two ladies came to me in anxiety. They had seen a notice that unless dutiable articles were declared beforehand they would be seized and the

owners fined. They had some American wine, and were afraid of losing it and getting into trouble into the bargain. I told them they had only to mention it to the officers as they were going to be examined and it would be all right. One of our steerage passengers—an American Irishman—was by no means satisfied with the result of the examination. This was the tale he thrust into my ear after he got away :—He was a bricklayer in New York, in work at 5 dollars a day of 10 hours. They had struck for the same pay and only 9 hours' work. During the strike he thought he would come over and see his parents in England, as he had a few dollars by him. But he would not live in such a country as this. He had bought a pound of tobacco in New York for the voyage. Came on board very drunk. I ought to have heard him, as he understood he made a dreadful noise. He did not recover from his intoxication for two days. In consequence had not smoked his usual tobacco. When he came to Liverpool was asked if he had anything subject to duty; said he hadn't; was searched; the tobacco found weighed three-quarters of a pound. He was then asked his name; answered, “Patrick O'Brien.” “Well, Mr. O'Brien,” said the officer, “half-a-pound is all the tobacco allowed; yours

is three-quarters, so you must pay 3s. 6d. duty." Had to pay 3s. 6d. For a country like England to charge a poor man 3s. 6d. for a quarter of a pound of extra tobacco is a black shame. I told him his favourite United States did the very same, and made people swear into the bargain.

Here I must bring my story to a close. In reviewing my trip I find I passed over nearly 12,000 miles during the seven weeks; have seen a little, and comparatively but a little, of the New World and its interesting inhabitants. The North American Continent is surely destined to become the home of the most powerful nation the world has yet shown, and even now it presents, from the Gulf of Mexico to beyond the Canadian lakes, a field of no ordinary attraction for labour and enterprise. But I returned with joy to a country which, taking one thing and one season with another, competent judges consider the most agreeable place to live in on the face of the globe. The climate, situation, and natural wealth, combined with the spirit and industry of her people, have made England in reality what an American at first sight rapturously declared her to be—A Perfect Gem.



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